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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.
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## Pro-Slavery.

[illegible] we give place to such extracts from [illegible] Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its [illegible] apologists.

### [illegible] PHILLIPS'S RECENT SPEECH [illegible]

From Bennett's Herald.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS is evidently in a state of mind. Like Othello, he finds his occupation gone. So long as slavery existed he had something to talk about, and scold about, and be eloquent about; but now that slavery is practically dead, he is an orator without a subject. His speech at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening was wild and incoherent throughout. It disappointed his friends and admirers, and afforded his enemies sufficient grounds for sneers and laughter. Without being either the one or the other, and looking at Mr. Phillips from our usual independent standpoint, we are compelled to say that he made himself ridiculous. His turgid, confused, senseless oration was as different from his customary clear and eloquent speeches as a brickbat from a diamond.

Mr. Phillips promised to speak on reconstruction, but it is painfully apparent that he does not know anything about reconstruction. The only thing he seems to understand is the darkey; and in less than ten minutes after he began his address he mounted upon this old hobby and rode away, leaving the reconstruction question to take care of itself. Perhaps this was the wisest and most sensible thing that Mr. Phillips could do; but certainly it was not what he had undertaken to do, and did not carry out the programme of the evening. The only reference of any importance which the orator made to reconstruction was this: "Now there never will be a set of men in Tennessee fit to sit down and legislate on the interests, pecuniary and honorable, of the Empire State, until Andy Johnson sees John Hancock under a black skin. That is my idea of reconstruction." Now, if this is not arrant nonsense, what is it? We doubt if Mr. Phillips knew what he meant by it. His audience, deluded by the jingle of long words, showed their ignorance by applauding it. What has Andy Johnson to do with the Empire State, or John Hancock with Tennessee? The passage might have been written by the author of the "elbows of the Mincio, [illegible] by the sympathies of youth"; but it is decidedly unworthy of Mr. Phillips. And yet it is a fair specimen of the whole of this dreadfully silly and incomprehensible lecture.

In spite of the record of Mr. Phillips's abolition martyrdom, we must accuse him of a lack of moral courage. He wanted to advocate amalgamation, and he was afraid to do so. What could have prevented him we do not know. That is what he means, and there is no reason why he should not say it boldly. It is the logical deduction from all the propositions which he has labored so many years to prove, and he cannot be allowed to back out of his own theories at this late day. The intermarriages of white men and black women and white women and black men is what Mr. Phillips desires. What, then, hindered him from avowing his desires? He has so long set all decent society at defiance that he cannot be afraid of social ostracism. Can it be possible that he has had a sudden attack of modesty, and that his lips refuse to express the gross and sensual ideas which his brain has conceived? Do his senses and his stomach revolt at that close communion of the two races which he is now called upon to advocate? Does the color of the negro offend his eyes, or the odor of the negro disgust his nostrils? Does he shrink from embracing the representative of a race which he has so often declared to be the highest and noblest on the face of the earth? Has he forgotten his fine-spun theories upon miscegenation and the grand mulatto species which is to result from them? Is he going to retract his former declaration that amalgamation is the only way to save the nation? If we answer these questions in the negative, what does Mr. Phillips mean by his silence upon the theme most dear to his heart? If we answer them affirmatively, why has he not the courage to confess himself in the wrong?

The fact of the matter is that we are getting along too fast for Mr. Phillips. While he was arguing that slavery ought to be abolished, the war has abolished it without his assistance, and he was left out in the cold. Fanatics never can comprehend facts, and facts always kill off fanatics. The abolition of slavery is a fact, and Mr. Wendell Phillips is a fanatic. Everybody can deduce the corollary for himself. Mr. Phillips fondly imagined that he could gradually do away with slavery somehow or other—he never was very certain how—and might then insinuate amalgamation. Probably he supposed that he would die full of years and honors just as the slavery question was settled, and so leave the amalgamation part of the business to his disciples, having laid down the laws for their guidance in a series of speeches and letters. But, unfortunately for this bright dream, slavery allied itself to rebellion, and so committed suicide before Mr. Phillips was ready for this consummation. Now he has to face his amalgamation doctrines in person, and before a practical people, who are prepared to say to him that they do not care to intermarry with the blacks, but that, if he thinks it such a very good thing, they have no objections to his trying it himself and introducing it into his own family. The anticipation of such a reply puzzles Mr. Phillips. He cannot make up his mind what to do. He does not know whether to go ahead or to fall back. The speech which he intended to deliver and ought to have delivered on Tuesday evening was simply this: "My plan of reconstruction is amalgamation." The speech which he did deliver was a cowardly dodging of the subject. But let us give Mr. Phillips a little time. Perhaps he will see a suitable wife under a black skin before Andy Johnson discovers a John Hancock in the same location.

### WENDELL PHILLIPS AS A RECONSTRUCTIONIST.

From The N. Y. Times.

WENDELL PHILLIPS has taken a new *role*. He has devoted his years hitherto to tearing down; now he is turning his hand to building up, as he calls it. It is an odd sight—this veteran demolisher who has displayed nothing but a fierce heart and a violent hand now becoming an upbuilder, and lending himself to the work that, most of all, requires a cool head, a steady pulse, a sure eye.

No wonder his new enterprise received much advertisement. It was not easy to make the public believe that Wendell Phillips was really intending to figure before them as a reconstructionist. But he actually did attempt it. He presented himself at the appointed hour. With genuine gravity he begun: "Ladies and gentlemen: I am to devote myself tonight to Reconstruction." Straightway he begun to swing his hammer against the President's plan. The pieces flew at a fine rate, and it was not long before, by dint of fair blows and foul, he sent that piece of work into "smithereens." That done, hardly stopping to take breath, he begun smashing away at the Constitution—particularly at the great butress of State rights. This he practically demolished. He would not content himself with compelling every State to make an end of slavery forthwith, but would also force them to clear their statute books of every distinction between the black man and the white. If Maine law don't allow black men upon juries, the Federal arm must force it; if Massachusetts law don't allow them to muster indiscriminately into the militia, the Federal arm must force it. So, too, must the Federal arm force New York to abolish all of her property limitations upon the elective franchise possessed by black man; Ohio to strike down every bar against the election of black men to any and all offices; Illinois to abrogate her statutes against black immigration into her borders; Missouri to make an end of slavery in 1854, as she has resolved to do in 1870; Kentucky to destroy the institution, whether she will or no, and on the instant; Maryland to expunge every law forbidding amalgamation by marriage; and Georgia, and Mississippi, and Alabama, and Louisiana to remit their entire civil control to the black majority now within their limits. In other words, every State, loyal and disloyal, is to be deprived of all power to regulate its own most vital concerns. General havoc is to be made among all the safeguards erected by our fathers against a consolidated government. Principles which they treated on the very foundations of a Federal Republic, the broad corner-stones without which no stability or security was possible, are torn from their beds as if they were the very rubbish of the dark ages. The effort of Mr. Phillips, from beginning to end was destructive only. There was not even a semblance of an attempt to build up or even to repair. It was simply the old exhibition just over again on a little different ground—the same picking, shaking, knocking, tearing, dragging to pieces, with only the little variation that the change in circumstances has imposed since he used to be a flagrant disunionist. To denominate this sort of business *Reconstruction* is a mockery.

It was the most natural thing in the world for Mr Phillips to say, as he did in the heat of his work, "You will never see again the nation in which you were born; the old-fashioned, calm, quiet, homely, home-bred, school-house, farmer's republic"—the most natural thing in the world for him to declare, "You are to have a nation developed into a first-rate military power." The anticipation is in perfect keeping with his whole mode of dealing with the great interests of the time. His acts show that it is a foregone conclusion with him that the old freedom, and order, and security, and tranquillity are to give place to military supremacy. Most certainly it would be impossible to carry through his tremendous subversion without immense military power. It would be resisted by the people with all their strength. It is not in American nature to submit quietly to the overthrow of those sovereign rights of States which they were taught to regard as sacred and inviolable. It could never be realized except through an irresistible, all-crushing military despotism.

But Mr. Phillips will not be gratified. His shattering and upheaving method of reconstruction will never be adopted. The great civil framework which we inherited from our fathers is to be preserved with the loss of that portion of it only which the war has destroyed—the "peculiar institution" which they considered only an excrescence which would gradually drop away. The war will rid us of that, and without the sacrifice of any essential principle of our Federal system. That system will be preserved and perpetuated in its entirety—and the old-fashioned quiet and security will prevail under it, in spite of all the evil prognostications and insane endeavors of the men who see no blessing and know no rest but in innovation and destruction without end.

## Selections.

### MR. THOMPSON'S "FRATERNITY LECTURE."

THE POPULAR SENTIMENT OF ENGLAND IN REGARD TO AMERICA AND THE REBELLION.

Reported for The Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE attendance at Music Hall last evening, (Feb. 16) to listen to the distinguished anti-slavery advocate from England, was such as to occupy every available portion of the hall, and marked attention was given throughout, interspersed with frequent expressions of applause as the speaker proceeded. For half an hour previous to his coming upon the platform, the lovers of music were kept in the best of humor in listening to the Great Organ, under the management of Mr. Lang. Mr. Thompson on coming upon the stage was greeted with continuous applause. He was introduced to the audience by Mr. Hathaway, the President of the Association. We give the substance of his remarks:

SPEECH OF MR. THOMPSON.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I devoutly thank God that I have lived to see this day, that I have lived to return the third time to the soil of Massachusetts, and to the city of Boston, to stand, as I do now, where was planted that seed of which we are about to witness the fruition, the soil of the Pilgrim Fathers, to which they came when driven forth from the Old World by priestly and kingly intolerance to seek and to find freedom to worship God. I thank God that I have the privilege of standing to-night amidst so vast an assembly of the citizens of this Commonwealth in Boston gathered together. Oh! how I love your State! Oh! how I treasure up the memory of those who have departed, and how I esteem and honor many who live amongst you—the land of Jonathan Edwards, and of a host whom time would fail me to name—of the living Emerson, and Longfellow, and Lowell—where stood the pulpit of Channing, where stands the now vacated rostrum of Theodore Parker. My friends, I thank God that I am in America, that I am under—to-night I may say what I think I could not before—the protection of the star-spangled banner. I can say to-night what I could not with perfect truth and comprehensiveness have said before, that I honor and esteem the chief magistrate of this mighty Republic. I honor you, the people of America who elected him; who did not take the most distinguished orator—and America is replete with men who may aspire to that character—who did not take the oldest politician, and the most influential leader of the party, but who at a crisis when honesty and principle were needed chose a man from among its thirty million of free people, and placed him in the Presidential chair with the title of "Honest Abraham Lincoln."

I cannot stand before this great assembly without recurring to the extraordinary progress of events in this country during the last twelve years. It never entered into my wildest dreams to be permitted to see the day when America should present such a spectacle as that which is presented to my contemplation. I look over your country and I see filling the Presidential chair a man who is sincerely an anti-slavery man. I see Congress passing measures of a most radical character, and even going beyond the policy of the Administration. The gains which the cause of freedom has achieved within the last three years are such as must, if not satisfy, at least abundantly reward the labors of those who have been struggling to deliver the country from its great curse. When I was here last, the city of Washington, and the District at large was full of slave bonds, slave prisons, slave auctions and slaveholders. To-day liberty is proclaimed. We have thanked God again and again in England that the government of the United States have put the stamp of the national disapprobation upon slavery and the slave trade by purging the District of Columbia. When I was here last, a party was dominant, not only wedded to the maintenance of slavery where it then was, but cherishing designs for its extension, and aiming to pollute that wide domain upon your western border. Looking now to that vast region, I find it consecrated henceforth and forever to liberty by act of your Congress and the sanction of your President. When I was last here, efforts on the part of the British government to bring the United States to enter into a treaty for the suppression of the slave trade had been ineffectual. Now, I am glad to know and to congratulate you upon the fact, that the United States and England are one, in the merciful, benign, and just attempt to suppress on the coast of Africa that horrible traffic in human flesh, so long a reproach to the civilized and Christian world. More than that, the Fugitive Slave law, which I have ever branded as the most execrable law ever passed, is a dead letter, and I think the disposition exists to erase it forever from the statute book of the Republic. I return to America, knowing that you have now entered upon the great and good work of utterly abolishing that institution, which when I was here before you conceived you had no power to touch, and I congratulate you upon the fact that there are upon the soil of the United States some millions, more or less, of men, women and children, who three years ago were slaves, chattels, *things*, who are now human beings invested with their rights, and that liberty is to be secured to two million more soon, I trust, to be invested with the rights already meagerly conferred upon them. More than this, you have called upon that very beast of burden, or chattel, as you recently regarded him, to aid you in the great struggle. You have done well. And when I first heard of the enrolment of the negro into the army of the United States, I said, as I yet believe, that it was the death warrant of slavery.

All this and much more has been done since I was last amongst you. What remains to be done but that you complete the great work upon which you have entered, and make the triumph complete, by plucking out the last fibre of that root of bitterness which has so long troubled you; and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Arctic circle to Panama, the land shall be inhabited only by a free people.

I may say that the hope and desire, the prayer and trust of all in England who sympathize with you, who are the friends of this great country, who [illegible] its prosperity, and that it should deserve and receive the respect of the world, and that it should henceforth go hand in hand with the parent country in all that pertains to the elevation and civilization of mankind, is that you will finish this great work. So shall your power and wealth increase, and in you all the earth be blessed.

I have been no stranger nor an inattentive observer of the course of events in this country. Wherever I have travelled my thoughts have been directed to this country and to whatever stood connected with its character and its interests. Well do I know the history of the Slave Power on this continent. Well do I know, and have reason to know how [illegible] humble and holy men, taking their lives in their hands, went forth to disseminate those great principles which are now renovating and [illegible] saving your land. Well do I know the events which taught the people of the North that there was no security for their own liberties and no escape from their own subjugation to the South but by rising in their majesty, and meeting and confronting those who are determined to extend and consolidate and render universal and perpetual the institution of slavery. In all your struggles, I have been with you in spirit. It has been my meat and drink to serve the cause of freedom in this country, to dispel the illusions that prevail in England in the minds of the people with regard to this country.

Months before secession was an accomplished fact we had the emissaries of the South in our country, who paid frequent visits to the directors of our leading newspapers. Many were led to believe that such was the division of parties in the North, and so nearly equal the friends and the opponents of the Administration, that the government of Mr. Lincoln would be paralyzed, and that he would not have any power to attempt even the suppression of the rebellion, or the recovery of the States taken out of the Union. Still in behalf of the mass of the people I must say that it was not so much for lack of anti-slavery feeling and good feeling for America, and for lack of feeling in favor of the success of a democratic government, or a desire that the institutions of this country should be sustained, that they manifested considerable apathy; but because they were unable to explain certain events in this country, which led them to believe that the minds of the people of the North were not so much bent, if they were bent at all upon that object, upon abolition of slavery as upon the restoration of the political union. The Confederates in England had acted with so much industry and so much success that many of the older papers of the country were constantly misguiding the people, and putting before them a state of things the very opposite of that which existed. But this feeling in England was immediately changed when the policy of your government was made of an anti-slavery complexion. The first act on the part of the government of the United States, which inspired the confidence of the people of England was the message sent by Mr. Lincoln to Congress, recommending to that assembly to pass resolutions obliging that body to indemnify such slaveholding States as should pass measures for the emancipation of slavery. We took especial care to make this fact known through the land, and augured from it that it was the first of a series of measures that would distinguish the Administration of Mr. Lincoln, and have a tendency to lessen the impression in favor of slavery in this country. Then came the President's proclamation on the twenty-second of September, 1862. This proclamation had an electrifying effect in our country. Believing, as we have ever believed, that however Mr. Lincoln, in our judgment, might be blamed for caution, hesitation, or delay, that he was an honest man, and would never retreat from that which he declared to be his intention, we received the proclamation of the twenty-second of September as the precursor of another that should declare all the slaves in the rebel territories free. We could have wished that the proclamation had been itself a proclamation of present freedom, but we believed, as fully as we believed that the South would not accept the terms offered, that Mr. Lincoln would stand by that proclamation. So confident were we, that on New Year's Eve we held immense meetings to celebrate the day that was to see three million of the bondmen of America enfranchised. And while you have been carrying on this war here, and enduring all this expense, and suffering all these calamities, and all these bereavements, we, in England, who loved your country, and the cause of Freedom here, have been carrying on our war with your enemies in that country. And I assure you we have had enough to do; and we have done it, I am happy to say, with no small measure of success.

The speaker then proceeded to narrate the different ways in which those interested in behalf of the two belligerent parties had severally endeavored to carry out their desires. In speaking of those interested in the anti-slavery interest, the speaker exhibited a variety of placards and pamphlets circulated for the purpose of righting public opinion in that country. Reference was made to the prominent persons on either side, and an allusion to John Bright was received with much enthusiasm, and the speaker closed by saying:

I have thus endeavored very imperfectly to sketch the state of feeling in England as it existed in the beginning and as it exists now, and the agencies by which the change for the better has been brought about. Having done so, let me ask you to indulge a kindly feeling towards the country from which I come. Let me be permitted to implore you that you will not suffer any of the acts of those who are alike our enemies and yours to lead you to cherish any unkind or unfriendly feelings towards the great mass of the people of my native land. Our statesmen may have been wrong, and, I believe, have been wrong in many cases, and I am not here to vindicate or excuse them; but this I can say, that if some of our statesmen have gone wrong, the heart of the British people has been right. They will rejoice to hear of the kindly reception you have given me, and I may assure you that when the time shall come when you shall need their sympathy, that sympathy will be most freely granted, and you will never again have cause to complain that in the hour of trial England was backward in the tokens of her sympathy.

### A GREAT NATION SHIRKING ITS DEBTS.

From The Independent.

THE Senate of the United States, after considerable chaffering, has voted to pay the colored troops like the white, from the beginning of the current year. The basis of this action, of course, is common justice—the sense that the black soldier is a man, and that his sacrifices and his services in the cause of his country demand the same recognition with those of any other citizen in arms. But these sacrifices and services date from farther back than the first of January. Have they just begun to earn their reward? Even if one accepted the forced construction of the acts of July 17, 1862, by which it has been sought to justify the slender pay of the colored regiments, that would be no obstacle to repairing our past injustice. Above all, it must be borne in mind that, though some may have enlisted merely from a generous but misplaced confidence in the honor of our government, there are thousands who acted under the deliberate representations of the military authorities, that they should be treated in all respects like their white comrades.

At Port Royal, "so clear," writes a responsible officer of colored troops, "were the terms of the contract, that Mr. Solicitor Whiting, having examined the original instructions from the War Department, issued to Brig.-Gen. Saxton, Military Governor, admits to me (under date of Dec. 4, 1863), that 'the faith of the government was thereby pledged to every officer and soldier enlisted under that call.'" Equally explicit is the following letter from Gov. Andrew to Mr. Geo. T. Downing, of this city, March 23, 1853:

> "In reply to your enquiries made as to the position of colored men who may be enlisted and mustered into the volunteer service of the United States, I would say that their position, in respect to pay, equipments, bounty, or any aid and protection, when so mustered, *will be* precisely the same in every particular, as that of any and all other volunteers.
>
> "I desire further to state to you, that when I was in Washington on one occasion, in an interview with Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, he stated, in the most emphatic manner, that he would never consent that free colored men should be accepted into the service, to serve as soldiers in the South, until he should be assured that the government of the United States was prepared to guarantee and defend, *to the last dollar* and the last man, to these men all the rights, privileges, and immunities that are given by the laws of civilized warfare to other soldiers. Their present acceptance and muster-in as soldiers *pledges the honor of the nation* in the same degree and to the same rights with all other troops. They will be soldiers of the Union—*nothing less and nothing different.*"

The italics are ours. Under the encouragement of this promise, we know that the 54th and 55th Massachusetts regiments were recruited; and if others, elsewhere, were brought, as has been asserted, under the delusion of just treatment, by agents authorized or unauthorized, all true men will agree that that delusion was more creditable to those who entertained it than to us who now dispel it.

More than this. The colored regiment whose commanding officer testifies above to the assurances received through Gen. Saxton, by which they were induced to enlist, viz., that they should have the pay of white soldiers, *actually received that pay for five months*, when it was cut down from $13 to $10, and is to undergo a still further reduction.

All this may be remedied in the future, but the disgrace of the past will forever attach to us, unless we exhibit a willingness and an endeavor to make good our promises tacit and explicit. We cannot, indeed, obliterate the fact that the gallant dead of the colored regiments have perished in debt to the [illegible] whose wages were even less than those of sin, that the colored volunteers have been defrauded the means to purchase of the confiscated estates, and thus to become useful and stable citizens at the close of the war; that the families of the 54th and 55th Massachusetts regiments—which disdained to consider themselves other than soldiers of the Union, entitled as such to full pay, recognition, and manly treatment, and therefore refused the supplementary pay proffered by the State which sent them out—that these families have suffered and are now suffering untold misery, because of the bad faith of the government. All this belongs to the irretrievable. But we can pay what we owe. Shall the nation, by a willful breach of its engagements to its own citizens, incur still further the stigma of repudiation? "Yes," says the Senate of the United States. What says the House of Representatives.

### EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

RESULTS OF THE SERF EMANCIPATION—PROGRESS OF THE EMPIRE.

REV. J. LONG, an English missionary, who visited Russia last Summer, has published the following interesting account of the effects of the emancipation of the serfs in that country:

I recently spent five months in Russia, mainly in order to gain information from the best sources on the facts connected with the serf emancipation movement; and I have consulted the enemies as well as the friends of the measure, English and German residents as well as Russians. The leaders afforded me every facility of access to official documents, and I visited estates in various parts of Russia to make further inquiries into the local working of the measure.

Whatever may be thought of the conduct of Russia towards Poland in carrying on the present war, I trust that due credit may be given to the present Emperor and the Russian liberals for this noble act of serf emancipation. They had a hard battle to fight against the reactionary party, who denounced emancipation as socialism, for they knew that it must gradually introduce in its train a host of other reforms. They prophesied that anarchy and bloodshed must ensue; but the Emperor gave no heed, and was prepared to risk his crown and his life in order to free the peasant.

Serf emancipation is an accomplished fact. Twenty-three million of an intelligent, active peasantry have been by it raised from the degradation of being mere chattels, things for sale; though it must be admitted that serfdom was not so degrading as slavery is. The intellect and social energies of the serfs, which have been frozen up for centuries, are now set free; and this great social change has been effected within two years, in spite of the formidable opposition of the Russian nobility. The fiat of one man, supported by a few choice spirits, has accomplished all this. The revolution has been a bloodless one; no social disorganization has resulted; and even some of its bitterest opponents begin now to admit that, as the operation had to be performed some time, it was as well to do it at once. They are now learning to adapt themselves to the new order of things.

Serf emancipation is of deep interest, for the following considerations:

1. The anti-slavery cause receives powerful encouragement from it. It took many years' agitation, and the expenditure of £20,000,000 sterling, to emancipate 800,000 slaves in the West Indies. American slavery has lasted a long time, and is still a fearful blot; but in Russia we have, in the short space of two years, the emancipation of 23,000,000 of a fine race of peasants, who are, physically and mentally, superior to the negro race. The influence and example of these emancipated serfs will operate on the world, and will show that, while so beneficial a revolution has taken place successfully in Russia, other countries may learn to "go and do likewise." The serfs have shown, by their peaceable demeanor, and by avoiding any violent excess, that they knew how to appreciate their newly-acquired liberty.

2. The friends of constitutional government have reason to rejoice in serf emancipation, as forming the first instalment of liberal institutions in Russia. Even the late Emperor Nicholas was convinced that emancipation was necessary, but he would not give it, knowing that it would involve reform in all other departments of the State; that the upheaving of the masses would affect every institution in Russia. As serf emancipation included municipal institutions for the peasantry, a constitution, therefore, for all Russia follows as a corollary; and I found, among all intelligent Russians, the full conviction that a constitution must naturally come in a few years; that as municipal constitutions grow out of emancipation, so provincial assemblies are the result of municipal freedom, and a constitution will be the fruit of provincial assemblies. These steps are now being taken.

3. Municipal institutions for all Russia are the certain result. I have been delighted to see how the peasantry, by means of the commune or village elective council, regulate their own affairs, elect the chief of each village, have their regular village meetings. I will explain this more at large in a subsequent letter. But this municipal liberty granted to peasants cannot be limited to them; there will soon be municipal bodies in every town in Russia. Moscow and Petersburg, since the last two years, have been granted mayors, elected by the citizens, without the control of government, and also provincial assemblies. As the next step, what has been conceded to the peasants cannot be denied to the merchant and noble. These municipal institutions are training-schools for the peasantry; they enable them to resist the oppression of the noble and the government employees; they also break the force of that centralization which has been such a curse to Russia; and they are nuclei to protect the weak against the venal police of Russia; for in the peasant's court, oral evidence, summary decision, and publicity, form the rules of proceeding, while a simple and cheap code of law is administered.

4. An honorary magistracy and municipal institutions serve as training-schools for justices of the peace, a class who may exercise an important influence in diminishing what has been admitted to be the great curse of Russia, viz., the venality of ill-paid employees and bribery. To carry out the Emancipation act, fifteen hundred unpaid justices of the peace were nominated by government. The administration of these men, who were selected for their character and public spirit, has generally given satisfaction, and it is intended that they shall be continued, to discharge similar duties to those of county magistrates in England. I attended several of their monthly sessions in the interior of Russia, and they are well spoken of; their labors are as successful as those of a similar class of honorary magistrates in India.

5. The cause of education is identified with emancipation. Already, within two years, more than 8,000 new schools have sprung into existence through individual efforts among the peasantry, and they are rapidly on the increase. The peasant is anxious to be able to read the laws by which he is governed; besides, the elevation of his social position through emancipation gives him the means as well as the inclination to learn to read. The example of peasant elevation in other parts of Europe confirms this. In Russia, before emancipation, there was scarcely a day-school among the peasantry; but these 8,000 schools have arisen spontaneously from the wish of the peasants, aided by the clergy and gentry. The government has spent nothing on them. The Emperor Nicholas allowed only colleges and universities, and that to a very limited degree: serf emancipation inaugurates the education of the masses.

6. Religious progress is deeply connected with an enlightened and independent peasantry, who will not be the victims of superstition or priestcraft. Religion follows in the train of civil liberty. With the fall of feudal tyranny, priestly exactions and domination must cease. Many Russians have assured me, that, since emancipation, a great desire has sprung up in various quarters among the peasantry to read the Scriptures, and they show their interest by purchasing copies, while, to meet the new state of things, the Greek Church—highly to its credit—is publishing the Russian New Testament at the low price of 6*d*. a copy.

7. The cause of peace is likely to be served. Under serfdom the military life benefitted the peasants, as becoming a soldier conferred freedom on them; but the peasant now has a *status* and a stake in the country, and is therefore not so inclined to become "food for powder." Serf-emancipation, by pushing on internal reform, is calculated to withdraw the attention from objects of aggression, and to point out to Russia that internal development, and not foreign conquest, is her true strength. The Russian peasant sympathizes with this, as he has secured to him by emancipation the possession of land, the great *desideratum* with the masses in Russia. The grand scope of her ambition, a *proletariat* peasantry, supplies ample material for war. The Russian peasant, therefore, will naturally prefer agriculture to war, while the elevation of his social position, in creating new wants, will give a fresh impulse to trade, one of the great antagonists of war.

8. The effects in Asia are likely to be great. Already, through the length and breadth of India, has this great measure received the warmest sympathy from natives of all classes, who view it as a sign of great good to them that Russian influence in Central and Northern Asia will be on the side of an emancipation policy, as English influence has been in India. The Sclavonic and Anglo-Saxon races will thus coöperate as anti-slavery advocates through Asia.

9. The Russian nobility have long been noted for absenteeism, extravagant luxury and false varnish. Serfdom tempted them to be tyrants, and afforded full scope for all depraved propensities; the troops of servants kept in idleness enervated the master, while the power he had of deporting them to Siberia or inflicting torture produced a hardening effect on his heart. To keep up a life of luxury he had to peculate in the public offices. There are nearly three hundred thousand nobles in Russia. Emancipation is already leading many of them to reside on their estates, consequently to lead simple lives, and identify themselves more with the welfare of the country.

10. The social condition of the peasant is being improved. The anxiety of the peasant to purchase land, so strongly marked in France, is showing itself also in Russia, thus leading to habits of industry, in order to procure the means of making the purchase. Indolence, the natural fruit of serfdom, is giving way to the encouragement of industry. One million peasants have bought up the land on which they were formerly located, borrowing the money from government. The price of land is rising all through Russia, owing to the peasants renting or hiring it to a far greater extent than formerly, though the enemies of emancipation said the peasants would be too indolent to cultivate the land. Money is no longer hidden in earthen pots in the ground, or in the wall, through fear of the steward. The peasants' houses in some quarters are exhibiting a greater appearance of comfort, and providing more rooms, instead of—after the old fashion—crowding twenty-five into a room. More houses have been built within the last two years than during the previous six.

In conclusion, peace has been generally maintained. During the carrying out of this measure, there were only two cases of revolt, caused by a rumor spread among ten thousand peasants in the governments of Kazan and Panja that the Emperor had ordered no more money to be paid. I myself resided for a time in the centre of a district one hundred miles south of Moscow, and the proprietor never locked his door at night. Nowhere in Russia did I hear any expressions uttered of apprehensions of social disorganization or riot.

### COL. McKAYE IN NEW ORLEANS.

IMPORTANT MEETING OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 10.

A MEETING of the colored people of this city was held last evening in the Lyceum Hall to meet Col. McKaye, one of the Commissioners appointed by the President to investigate the condition of the negroes emancipated by act of Congress and the President's proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863. Long before the hour of commencement every seat in the vast hall was filled, and soon the aisles and all available standing-places were densely packed above and below.

It is no exaggeration to say that a more respectable audience, so far as external appearances were concerned, was never assembled in New Orleans. The female portion especially were as well dressed and looked as tidy and as genteel as the audiences to be found in your fashionable churches on the Sabbath. Many of the quadroons and octoroons were of surpassing beauty, and in every line of their countenance expressed intelligence, refinement and good breeding.

The white gentlemen present, who had spent much time among the degraded negroes on the Sea Islands of South Carolina, were astonished to find before them an audience so fashionably dressed, so intelligent in appearance, and in every respect so thoroughly competent to understand all that should be said to them. It is also interesting to know that this Lyceum Hall is in the Court-House; that it is the largest room in the city; that the city authorities have always refused permission to the negroes to hold meetings there, and that in this instance it was obtained only upon the order of Gov. Shepley, at the request of Col. McKaye.

It was in this hall that the Convention met to carry the State out of the Union, and it was here that the ordinance of secession was drafted.

The Rev. S. W. Rogers was appointed President of the meeting. The proceedings opened with prayer by a clergyman present, after which the Chairman stated the object of their assembling together. He then introduced Col. M. McKaye, the Commissioner from the President.

This gentleman, on taking the stand, was received with great applause. In a short address he stated to the audience that the people of the North and the President felt a deep interest in the condition of the colored population of this city, and that the President had sent him here as a special Commissioner to inquire into their condition and ascertain their wishes. He had visited their schools and was very favorably impressed with the progress they were making. They must go on in the work they had commenced, and must depend in a great measure upon their own labors for their salvation.

To be really free before the law involved great responsibilities. You have not only rights to achieve but duties to perform—duties to yourselves individually, to your families, and to the community at large. Your enemies say that you are not susceptible of a high degree of cultivation—that your Creator never designed that you should be free men, and that you will either gradually disappear from the earth or relapse into the condition from which you have but recently been rescued. It remains with you to decide whether you will work out for yourselves a glorious future or return to slavery and obscurity.

Upon the close of the remarks of Col. McKaye, a Committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, and while they were absent, Mr. J. B. Noble was called upon to address the assembly. He stated that there were two classes introduced here, one of slaves from the wilds of Africa—an ignorant, degraded people, and the other an intelligent, educated, enlightened and wealthy class from Jamaica and Cuba; that they had contributed by their labors to the wealth and prosperity of Louisiana; that they had always obeyed the laws and paid their taxes promptly, school-tax and all, though they had never reaped any advantage from it until within the last year. They wanted public schools. They wanted to be recognized as men. They wanted the odious Black Code done away with.

After Mr. Noble had concluded his remarks, in the course of which he related an instance of the workings of the Black Code which affected many of the audience to tears, the following resolutions were reported by the Committee, and after being read in French and English, were adopted:

> Whereas, His Excellency, the President of these United States, felt it his duty to inquire into the condition of the colored people of Louisiana for the realization of their new position in social life, to sustain themselves and implant a spirit of independent and free manhood into the minds of their descendants, and
>
> Whereas, We perceive, through the effects of this wicked rebellion, that the power, prosperity, wealth, justice, and liberty of this country, will be brought to their greatest perfection only by a wise and judicious legislation for the just equalization of human rights, and
>
> Whereas, The sympathies over the relative condition of society will be [illegible] renovated and improved, therefore
>
> Be it resolved, That we the colored people of this city, in mass meeting assembled, at Lyceum Hall, in New Orleans, do hereby express our unbounded and heartfelt thanks to the President of these United States, Abraham Lincoln, and his Cabinet, for the palpable interest they take in behalf of the [illegible] oppressed people of Africa's blood.
>
> Be it further resolved, That we acknowledge the power, proceedings and enactments of the present Administration of the United States, and our sincere prayer is that its legislative acts may be felt throughout the land, like the rain and sunshine on the earthly soil.
>
> And be it further resolved, That as unto God we send our daily prayers for the welfare, both temporal and spiritual, of the President and his family, so unto the same Great Being we offer up our petitions for the longer continuance of his servant, Abraham Lincoln, in his present high and responsible position, and for the progressive development of a higher civilization, refinement, righteousness, truth, peace and national happiness of the American people.

After Mr. Martin W. Wagner had addressed the meeting, another Committee, which had been appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting on the question of inviting Frederick Douglass to visit New Orleans, reported the following:

> Whereas, We recognize the services of the [illegible] enthrallment of his race;
>
> Therefore be it resolved, That a committee of seven gentlemen be appointed by the Chair to extend an invitation to Mr. Frederick Douglass, inviting him to visit our city at such time as may best suit his [illegible].
>
> Be it further resolved, That a committee of twelve gentlemen be appointed to make all necessary arrangements for the reception of Mr. Frederick Douglass.
>
> Be it further resolved, That the said invitation be extended in the name of the Native Central Committee, left bank of the Mississippi River, Parish of Orleans, and in behalf of the colored population therein.
>
> Be it further resolved, That the Committee of Arrangements be instructed by the Chair to commence immediate action.
>
> Be it further resolved, That the Colored Ladies' Douglass Fair having been already organized, their Committee on Preparation be requested to deliver their report through their President relative to obtaining a hall for said Fair.

Which were read in English and French and adopted.

After tendering a vote of thanks to Col. McKaye, the meeting adjourned.

### GEORGE THOMPSON.

[The following article is from that preëminently conservative sheet, the Boston *Daily Advertiser*.]

THE circumstances under which Mr. George Thompson now appears before the American public are so widely different from those of his first visit to this country, that the change in his reception hardly occasions even a momentary surprise. The mass of our citizens, we apprehend, have seen little occasion to change the view which they then took of the position from which he entered into the discussion of our affairs; but there should be few so blind as not to see that Mr. Thompson now comes before us with a well-earned claim to a friendly welcome and to respectful attention. The services which he has rendered to our cause in the last three years are such as we cannot justly neglect to recognize, in a sour remembrance of the more distant past.

It is never to be forgotten, in listening to such a man as Mr. Thompson, that, whatever may be our differences among ourselves, it is the anti-slavery aspect of our cause which has proved its salvation in England. Neither the trading nor the ruling classes of Great Britain have had the discernment to see the real merits of the claim of authority maintained by the United States, nor the wisdom to comprehend the importance of our success for mankind in general, nor the magnanimity to postpone short-sighted jealousies and narrow supposed interests, to the great questions here at issue. They do not scruple even now to rejoice over the alleged failure of the republican experiment, or to avow their belief in the advantages to them of the dissolution of this Union. So far as they are concerned the question as to recognizing the independence of the rebels, of conniving at the assistance given them in English ports and by English merchants and builders, and even of active intervention, is a matter of the coldest calculation of selfish interests—so far as it is not a matter of petty political animosity.

In this state of feeling it is the English liberals of the anti-slavery school who have fought our battle. That class of men present few of those external attractions which rivet attention to their more aristocratic contempories, and have in time past been too conspicuous marks for familiar satire, to have had at the outset any large place in the attention of our people. But they have in this controversy attained that breadth of view to which their opponents have been unequal. From the day when Mill warned his countrymen that worse evils might befall a nation than civil war to the last speech in which John Bright recalled the thoughts of his constituency to the moral aspects of the war, they have steadily kept it before the British people that any temporary difficulty is tolerable if this war is to be the end of slavery. They have thoroughly impregnated with this view of the mass those millions of the lower and laboring classes whose menacing voice the English statesman is fain to heed, even when he affects not to hear it. And whatever else may be thought of the Emancipation proclamation, nobody, we think, will be hardy enough to deny that it supplied this class of our advocates, at a most critical moment, with a powerful argument, which they have plied effectually in our behalf. Reviewing the events where we now stand, it can be seen that from that day the change in our favor has been steady and radical. It has permeated the most numerous body of the British people and it has influenced the action of their government more and more in our behalf, as the great and perilous questions affecting its neutrality have come up. At every step the anti-slavery liberals have been our friends; they have been the vigilant censors of all official weakness or hesitation; their voices have been unsparing when they suspected sympathy or connivance with the purposes of the rebels; and their influence with the masses has been the great weapon with which our battle has been fought on that soil.

In this great work of bringing the controlling sentiment of England to the right side, George Thompson has been a leader. Indeed it is said, we know not with how much truth, that it is to his influence that the strong convictions of Mr. Bright are due. At all events he has labored steadily and zealously in our behalf. He has spoken in season and out of season, and with eloquence of no ordinary brilliancy, to open the eyes of his countrymen to the obligations which humanity and right lay upon them in this contest. His zeal may not always have been tempered by discretion, but in recent controversies it has been effectual; and coming to us with such a record, it is our part to extend to him a generous welcome.

### MR. PILLSBURY.

PARKER PILLSBURY'S Lecture in this city, last week, on "The Mystery of the War," was a production thoroughly characteristic of its author—able, quaint, and original; bristling with sharp and shining points; critical, denunciatory, and terrific; yet constantly breaking out into genial good humor, tenderness, and pathos; and reaching in many passages to the height of impressive eloquence. The unusually mild demeanor of his delivery—a tempering, we are told, of former days—lent a strange sharpness to the two-edged sword of criticism with which he hewed right and left, like Cœur de Lion cleaving down infidels. His style—"wild above rule or art"—is full of novelties, and irresistibly enchains attention. Sweet and bitter sayings followed each other in rapid succession—here a sentence juicy and delicious like a vergalieu pear, and there another that puckered like alum or a persimmon! To Mr. Pillsbury's vision, public affairs wear a more shadowy aspect than to our own; and some, though not all, of his criticisms upon the government were unmerciful and unjust. But his picturings were not a tint too dark when he delineated the great crime of American slavery—for what pencil can overpaint the Shadow of Death? Well-aimed, too, were his arrows, drawn against those men who, high in Church and State, have for years hindered the political and religious growth of the nation—crippling freedom, and holding back the progress of the age. He grandly held up public men and measures to that high standard of moral integrity by which an enlightened people should always severely try their rulers and themselves. The pervading moral tone of the lecture was refreshing and ennobling, like a bracing north-west air. The eloquent utterance of so many inspiring truths dignified the speaker in the eyes of his audience, and the noble burst of applause which followed his conclusion was equally a tribute to the speech and the man.—*Independent.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

### THE END AND THE MEANS.

THE certain extinction of slavery upon the continent, now close at hand after long years of travail, imparts a rosy hue to the transition scenes of the present hour. Charged in times past with being pure destructionists, the Abolitionists have confidently responded, that to destroy is sometimes of itself to build; and, slavery and liberty being contradictory, to abolish the former is always to establish the latter. True, by removing slavery we arrive at liberty of some sort, which is ever the opposite of slavery; but is not here the danger, that, having striven for the highest degree of human freedom, we content ourselves with the lowest? We were wont to insist that the fundamental principles of the Republic required the black man to be vested with the same civil and political rights as ourselves; we based our demand for his liberty on the natural equality and brotherhood of mankind. To-day can a broken fetter typify in full our notion of freedom? The faith which, from the beginning of our anti-slavery struggle, or, more short-lived, from the outbreak of the rebellion, anticipated the overthrow of the slave system, is destined, we doubt not, to be amply justified. Yet as this did not incline us to inactivity when the task seemed longest, so now, on the eve of fruition, we ought still to be alert and strenuous. Slavery will surely come to an end. Yes; but when? Already it is dying. Yes; but ——?

These considerations have been familiar to us during the whole course of the war. Grant that we were morally sure that slavery could not survive the clash of arms; did we feel no disappointment when Fremont was silenced by the President? Did we cease exerting our utmost influence to educate and impel the latter to his constitutional duty in regard to slavery? Did the thought that slavery must ultimately perish check the anxious beating of our hearts in the hundred days of grace before the immortal Proclamation? And, in the year just elapsed, have not the Border States haunted us with the spectre of slavery in resurrection? Certainly we have wished not only that slavery should die at last, but that it should die now—at the earliest possible moment. So we ought to desire and secure that emancipation be thorough, and that the work which has been consigned to us for completion be neither botched nor left unfinished.

The corrupting power of slavery has been displayed in our entire treatment of the colored people since the war began. The sense of justice and a common humanity has been painfully wanting in those who ought to have been the most zealous defenders of the republican principle. The President, in his plan of reconstruction, lifts the ballot out of reach of every freedman at the South. The press and the people calmly acquiesce. The Senate, in the face of positive stipulations by the highest authorities, refuses to acknowledge the nation's indebtedness to the colored troops enlisted under false pretences! Both Houses rob the slave in the Border States who may be drafted into the Federal army of one hundred dollars bounty, which are bestowed on his master. Nowhere do the discussions hinge on justice and right.

Sagacious minds have esteemed the arming of the blacks an infallible assurance that slavery is doomed, and have therefore encouraged the formation of colored regiments by all the means at their command. To a certain extent the Government seems to have entertained the same idea. Yet its procedure has been and still is obnoxious to its professed design of raising an army from the colored population, as is manifested by its defrauding the troops already recruited of the back pay justly due them, and by its compulsory enlistment of fugitive slaves. This latter point has not received the public attention which it should, and we shall quote in substantiation of what we affirm the following paragraphs from Mr. Yeatman's report to the Western Sanitary Commission. He is speaking of the plantations along the Mississippi:

> "There are but few men among the laborers, most of them having been carried far into the interior or drafted into the service, so that lessees will have to rely mainly upon the labor of women, unless the government should establish non-interference by the military with such men as should come in to labor on the plantations. The fear of being drafted into the army is preventing thousands from coming in. Of course, all who wish to enlist should be permitted to do so, but not forced against their wills. I trust such a policy will be adopted, as it will give us thousands of laborers for the production of cotton which would otherwise be excluded.
>
> ". . . All that is now required is protection—protection against the rebels, and protection against our enlisting officers, who seized upon any able-bodied men that come into our lines, and force them into the ranks as soldiers. If left to themselves, I doubt not that large numbers would voluntarily enter the service, but the course pursued is not only manifestly unjust, but calculated to frighten and keep off thousands who would flock into our lines, and resume their occupation as 'tillers of the soil.' . . ."

It may be asserted that liberty is worth the risk of death, and that the surest path to manhood and citizenship is, for the late slaves, through military discipline. All this can be admitted without impairing our protest against the injustice and the impolicy of a forced enlistment of the colored refugees. We have declared them unconditionally free even before they reach our lines, and if we regard them as fellow-beings, they should be liable only to the same responsibilities as other citizens—tempted to volunteer by bounties, and enrolled among those subject to the draft. We have abundant evidence that, under proper encouragement, the majority of those who come to us would prefer the soldier's to the planter's life, especially while the wages of the former exceed those of the latter. At any rate theirs is the right to choose. As for the argument based on the elevating influence of service under the nation's banner, it cannot be doubted that the free people of color at the North, by universal enlistment, would enhance immensely their natural claim to equality before the law; but could this be taken to justify a conscription of all their able-bodied representatives? And how specious this reasoning appears in presence of the deliberate disfranchisement of the new-made freemen! In maintaining the cause of popular elections, we drive from the reëstablished polls those who have willingly exposed their lives for this consummation, and without whose blood and sweat the Republic might have perished. What shall we say of emancipation granted upon such terms and attended by such a policy? Is it that for which we have labored these thirty years? Having clamored in the name of the slave for bread, are we ready now to accept a stone?

### WOMEN'S PETITION FOR EMANCIPATION.

WE give below the form of petition adopted by the Women's National Loyal League. If any of our readers are not otherwise supplied, they can copy this on a sheet of paper and commence at once the work of obtaining signatures.

*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:*

(Men)

The Undersigned, Women of the United States above the age of eighteen years, earnestly pray that your Honorable Body will pass, at the earliest practicable day, an Act emancipating all Persons of African descent held to involuntary service or labor in the United States.

*Name.* | *Residence.*

When the sheet is filled, add others of the same width to the foot of it, with paste or mucilage. The signatures should be by the persons themselves, or else written at their request. Add, at close of each petition, the number of signatures contained, and name of Town, County and State whence it comes. Return to Women's National Loyal League, 20 Cooper Institute, New York.

### GEORGE THOMPSON IN NEW YORK.

THE long-wished-for opportunity of welcoming to this city our nation's best champion in England, GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., is at last afforded all loyal men. Mr. Thompson will be received in New York under the auspices of the Young Men's Republican Union, at the Cooper Institute, on Monday evening, Feb. 20. It would be useless to repeat for the readers of this paper, or for Abolitionists generally, the manifold claims of our eloquent and honored friend upon the grateful recognition of the people of this country. It is enough to say that the post of honor assigned him by Mr. Bright in the achievement of West India Emancipation, is also his in the conversion of public opinion in England to the side of our government in the present rebellion. America will never appreciate, as she will probably never know, the full extent of her indebtedness to George Thompson for his untiring efforts in behalf of a free Union. Those of us who are in a measure acquainted with the facts, must seize every occasion for expressing our sense of the national obligation. Not merely as Abolitionists, or not at all, if you please; but as Americans—lovers of liberty and equality in a disintegrated Republic—we ought to crowd the spacious hall in which the reception will take place. Let us make the welcome so hearty that it shall be a passport for Mr. Thompson to every loyal community in the North. Let the Metropolis strike the key-note for the Capital at Washington.

### A REMINISCENCE OF GEORGE THOMPSON'S FIRST VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

### LETTER FROM MRS. CHILD.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

THE return of George Thompson to our shores wakens a host of slumbering recollections within me. I wish I could hope to be ever again so much excited and lifted up with grand emotions, as I was by his spirit-stirring eloquence, thirty years ago. But that cannot be. Even if Mr. Thompson's power is undiminished by time, something has gone from myself in the course of those thirty years of hope long-deferred. A man cannot read the Arabian Nights, or Robinson Crusoe, with the same zest with which he devoured them as a boy; and I can testify, from experience, that a heart which has been cut, and bruised, and trampled on, by the experiences of sixty years, cannot thrill over the pages of Waverly and Ivanhoe, as it did when only a score of Winters had engraved their memories there.

I count it a glorious privilege to have lived, and been in my prime, when George Thompson went "lecturizing about the country," as an admiring farmer expressed it. I never till then heard anything which came up to my idea of genuine eloquence. I heard Webster and Wirt in a great controversy, when it was said they both put forth their best powers. Webster made magnificent points, and impressed me as an intellectual giant, not over scrupulous how he used his strength. Wirt attracted me greatly by the gracefulness of his language, and the richness of allusion which showed how the waves of literature had flowed over and fertilized his mind. Everett I also heard in my youth, years before he elicited that keen sarcasm from John Randolph for defending Slavery in the Hall of Congress. It was years before I had thought anything about that "vexed question," and so far from having his name unpleasantly associated in my mind, I went with eager expectation to hear the man who was reputed the greatest orator of the day. He has since been called "the king of rhetoric," and the phrase precisely describes the impression he then made upon me. The smooth gliding of the words was pleasant to the ear, but not one of them reached my heart, or stirred my mind. I went away with the feeling that I had been entertained with garlands nicely carved in marble, not composed of the fragrant and variously-tinted flowers of field and garden. Very long afterward I chanced to hear Theodore Parker describe this same rhetoric. Alluding to the approaching festival on Bunker Hill, where Mr. Everett and Mr. Mason of Virginia, author of the Fugitive Slave Bill, were to declaim their pieces in praise of Liberty, Mr. Parker said: "Next week, there will be heard upon Bunker Hill that most foolish of *all* noises,—the human voice when it means nothing, comes from nowhere, and goes to the place it came from."

Not so with George Thompson. His unstudied utterance welled up from the depths of his large, warm heart, and therefore went directly to the hearts of those he addressed. His power was perhaps even greater, though in a different way, over those who were prejudiced against his principles, than it was over those who sympathized with him. He went electrifying round the country, while he was "lecturizing"; and as he rubbed the fur the wrong way on the domesticated wild cat, which our public speakers were accustomed to pat and stroke so tenderly, he made the sparks fly in a remarkable manner.

I was present in Julian Hall, Boston, on the 1st of August, 1835, when he delivered an address in commemoration of the first anniversary of British Emancipation. There were usually many Southerners in the city at that season of the year; and rumors were afloat that they were drilling a mob to seize Mr. Thompson and carry him to the South, where they could lynch him more thoroughly than they could venture to do even in the city of Boston, then so loyal to the slaveholding interest. I had been in the Hall but a short time, when it began to be filled rapidly with haughty looking men in fine broadcloth, accompanied by a retinue of truckmen, with shirt sleeves rolled above the elbow, and hands armed with clubs and large horse-whips. Mr. Thompson showed no sign of being intimidated. On the contrary, he poured fourth a lava-torrent of eloquence more scorching than I ever heard, before or since. He spoke of Slavery as a system of brute force, disgraceful to an enlightened age and to nations professing Christianity; a system which betrayed its weakness by resorting to bludgeons as its only weapons against rational arguments.

I watched the slaveholders who were present, and never have I seen countenances so expressive of rage. Their teeth were firmly set, and their hands clenched. Now and then, signals passed between them and their attendant truckmen, and not a few muttered oaths were heard. "Damn you!" exclaimed one, "if we had you down South, we'd cut off your ears." Mr. Thompson paused, looked calmly toward the place whence the voice proceeded, and replied, "If you did, sir, I would still call out, He that *hath* ears to hear, let him hear!" Perhaps they respected the brave man in their hearts, for they sat and listened, as if spell-bound, though with clenched fists, and occasional ejaculations of "Damn the Englishman!" Mr. Thompson took the passionate oath for a text, whence he derived the lesson that it was salutary for nations to rebuke and exhort each other; inasmuch as both individuals and communities were apt to go on heedlessly in the commission of wickedness or folly, blinded by the force of habit and tradition, so that they could not see their own errors so plainly as those who were unconnected with them. He invited them to go to England and freely point out whatever they deemed faulty in church or state. One of the audience called out, "England introduced slavery into this country." "I know it," replied Mr. Thompson, "and I am sorry for it. But it was done in a less enlightened age, and you have since chosen to put away many *other* things which England introduced. You have copied her in her *sin*, copy her *repentance!*" He then went on to state how well the emancipated slaves behaved, that life and property were perfectly safe, and that a new era of general prosperity was already beginning to dawn on the islands, which had been almost beggared by Slavery. The pro-slavery portion of the audience occasionally broke in with audible mutterings, of which the most frequent were, "It's all a lie!" "It's all a damned lie." But he went calmly on with his chain of reasoning and his exposition of facts. "These things are true," said he. "They are published throughout Great Britain, and proved by official documents. But who republishes them in *this* country? Do the newspapers of Richmond publish them? No! of Philadelphia? No! of New York? No! of Boston? No! There is a systematic misrepresentation and suppression of the truth on this important subject by the press North and South." He concluded with a scathing description of the utter meanness of Slavery, and stripped all to rags the decorations of a chivalry that scourged women and sold babies. An uproar arose, and increased so much as he went on, that he was obliged to raise his voice to the utmost to make himself heard. But his mouth could pour forth an immense volume of sound, and it rushed then like the waves of Niagara. When he ceased, there was a great whispering and quick motions among the slaveholders and the truckmen in their employ. The Abolitionists, having been previously warned o[illegible] arrangements to [illegible] it. [illegible] women, of whom [illegible] one, w[illegible] form to shake hands with Mr. [illegible] him for his eloquent and cou[illegible] truth. Some of the mob appr[illegible] noitre; but I heard them sayin[illegible] the women are out of the way."

Julian Hall had two doors. [illegible] on Milk st. But there was an[illegible] cated with a warehouse that o[illegible] ral st. This door, having been [illegible] cealed by a large curtain, in front of which was the speaker's desk. Few persons were aware of the existence of a door behind the curtain. On this occasion, it was unlocked, and a friendly sentinel was stationed on the outer side. In Federal st., near the door of the warehouse, was a carriage with swift horses, and a driver who could be trusted. The object of the women was to keep Mr. Thompson apparently engaged in lively conversation, and to follow him as he moved along gradually, till he came to the place whe[illegible] behind the curtain. Presently he disap[illegible] slaveholders and their rabble, supposi[illegible] possible egress there, stood watching for his reappearance; and the women remained huddled together, as if they also were waiting for him. My heart, meanwhile, throbbed so violently, that I felt as if I should sink upon the floor. But we did not sink, any of us. Suspicions were soon awakened, and there was a violent rush down stairs and out into the street. We remained waiting for news, in an agony of anxiety. At last, our excellent and well-beloved friend, Samuel J. May returned to the Hall. He was very pale, and his voice trembled, as he said to us, in a low tone, "Thank God, he is safe."

Our mission being accomplished, we passed down the stairs, which were lined on either side by truckmen brandishing their whips. We were greeted by divers maledictions on the Abolitionists and the "niggers," couched in the usual elegant phraseology of pro-slavery. A carriage stood at the door, with the step down, and surrounded by the slaveholders I had seen gnashing their teeth in the Hall. Some Bostonians were there also. But they would be rather ashamed to have their names mentioned now. In these days, "the extinguishers themselves are on fire." So, "let bygones be bygones." We were informed that the slaveholders had the carriage in readiness to convey Mr. Thompson to a boat, which was to take him to a vessel about to sail immediately to South Carolina.

The Boston papers, the next day, took part with the slaveholders, called Thompson a coward, and made themselves merry at the expense of the "female militia," as they styled them. Pro-slavery has always shown itself wonderfully manly and witty in its sayings and doings. The day was a painful one to me, not only on account of my extreme anxiety for the safety of Mr. Thompson, but because I felt deeply grieved and ashamed to see old Massachusetts so basely subservient to the vilest despotism that ever disgraced the earth. But it was one of the most exciting experiences of my life, and the slight service I rendered is one of my pleasantest reminiscences.

Mr. Thompson has done more perhaps than any other man to turn the tide of public opinion in England in favor of the United States since the bludgeons of slaveholders have been turned against the too-conciliating government of their own country. God bless him for his efforts! and God bless the honest, kindly, freedom-loving *common people* of England!

I have written these recollections of our old times with the hope that it may stimulate others to record theirs.

Yours for truth, freedom, and progress, in *all* directions,

L. MARIA CHILD.

### RECONSTRUCTION IN TENNESSEE.

THE loyal anti-slavery citizens of West Tennessee are preparing for the issue presented to them by the President's Amnesty proclamation. The following is a copy of the call for a mass meeting, which was to be held in Memphis on Monday last, and of whose proceedings the telegraph will probably give us information before we go to press.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: We, the subscribers, citizens of West Tennessee, are deeply impressed with the belief that every loyal citizen of the State [illegible] lishment of our relations with the G[illegible] by the reinauguration of civil auth[illegible] and the return of our Representati[illegible] Councils.

Believing that we should accept, [illegible] amnesty proffered by the Presiden[illegible] practicable moment, and to this end that it is our duty to remove every obstacle to its effective operation; and accepting the present condition of the institution of slavery as the legitimate result of the wicked war it has caused, and as full evidence that it is the will of the Supreme Arbiter of events—its destiny being fulfilled—that it should be removed from our midst. Acknowledging that it is beyond our power to reëstablish it, if we deemed it advisable, and being conscious that its legal existence, or our forms of law recognizing it as lawful, are the chief difficulties in the way of our reciprocal recognition by the General government, we call upon our fellow-citizens of West Tennessee, who, in common with us, desire the restoration of law, order, and the enjoyment of the blessings of civil government, and who, with us, believe that EMANCIPATION, *immediate* and *unconditional*, is our best and only true policy in the reorganization of our State government, and our *only alternative* in the resumption of Federal relations, to meet us in the city of Memphis, *on the 22d day of February, instant*, for the purpose of devising such ways and means as shall best secure our aims—CIVIL AUTHORITY RULING IN THE STATE, AND RECIPROCAL RECOGNITION BY THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT. Our fellow-citizens, loyal in feeling, who may differ with us in every respect, save only the objects desired, are most cordially invited to attend. "Come, let us reason together," "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." Gov. Johnson and other distinguished speakers are invited. Come one, come all!

This call was signed by SIX HUNDRED citizens, many of whom are men of extensive influence. But the movement is meeting with opposition from those who yet cling to slavery. A friend in Memphis writes: "Slavery in Tennessee is in great danger, and, as you see, the alarm has been sounded, its guardians are coming to the rescue—coming, too, as 'Union men.' That every effort will be made to *revive the institution* in the reorganization of the State government we must expect, and with such anticipations *must* defeat it."

### IMPORTANT PETITION TO CONGRESS.

THE following is the Form of Petition adopted in compliance with the vote of the late Thirtieth Anniversary Meeting at Philadelphia; and which has been approved by leading anti-slavery men of various parties and denominations. The subject is one of vital moment, and the exigencies of the time point to this action as absolutely necessary to a speedy, honorable, and safe conclusion of the war. We ask our friends and readers, one and all, to interest themselves and those about them in the immediate and extensive circulation of this Petition. It is so brief that it may readily be copied at the head of a letter sheet; or a printed copy may be obtained by writing to either of the anti-slavery offices in Philadelphia (106 North Tenth St.), New York (48 Beekman St.), or Boston (221 Washington St.). Let the action be prompt and vigorous. Those who have already signed the Loyal Women's Petition need not hesitate to sign this also, as the two, though in harmony, are not identical. Friends! let the word be, Immediate! Not an hour is to be lost.

☞ When the signing is completed let the Petition be forwarded, at once, to some reliable member of Congress; or, if preferred, to one of the offices already named, where it will meet with prompt attention.

*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:*

The undersigned, citizens of                believing Slavery the great cause of the present rebellion, and an institution fatal to the life of Republican government, earnestly pray your honorable bodies to immediately abolish it throughout the United States; and to adopt measures for so amending the Constitution as forever to prohibit its existence in any portion of our common country.

MEN. | WOMEN.

☞ Our readers will please recollect that, in order to secure the publication of the proceedings of the late great Anniversary Meeting, in Philadelphia, of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, it is necessary to obtain subscriptions in its behalf, and it is considered best to have these subscription made for *copies* of the pamphlet, *at cost;* which we believe will not exceed *thirty-five cents* per copy, or say, *three copies for one dollar.* Subscriptions may be sent to SAMUEL MAY, JR., 221 Washington street, Boston; or to OLIVER JOHNSON, 48 Beekman street, New York.

### [illegible] SPOKEN AT THE BURIAL OF JOHN T. KETCHAM,*

[illegible] N. Y. Cavalry, at Milton, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1864.

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

[illegible]s: I have come here to-day as to a sacred [illegible]s a pilgrim comes to a shrine. I have come to [illegible] home of the noble young man whose remains [illegible]ned here, to see the spot where he lived, the [illegible]here he was born, the mother who held him [illegible]osom, the neighbors and friends he loved. I [illegible]me to receive a lesson, not to give one; to be [illegible] not to teach; to be comforted, not to comfort. Better than any speech of mine is the silent thought on these relics, and on all they have passed through, since the stalwart and beautiful frame to which they belonged left these peaceful hills for the camp and the battle-field. What a strange history for such a man! Beaten up and down by all the storms of war, borne hither and thither by the changeful movement of the army, blackened by the sun and bleached by the frost, [illegible] all the mutations of the weather, pinched [illegible]r, stiffened with cold, drenched with dew [illegible]rdened by toil, wasted by fever, watching [illegible]lle, sleeping on the ground, begrimed by smoke and powder, a mark for sabre cut and for rifle ball, sick in hospital, captive in prison, dying among enemies, buried, with no shroud but his cloak, in hostile soil, lifted from the ground, coffined and brought hither at last, to repose in peace by the side of his elder brother, and in sight of the doorway through which he had so often passed; this body tells a touching and solemn story of toil, fatigue, suffering, peril, and death, but also of patience, fortitude, bravery, cheerfulness, the devotion of a generous, pure and earnest heart.

I cannot utter words of common consolation here. There are all the usual consolations and more. There is the thought of the Infinite God, just and loving—of the kind and tender Providence which allows nothing to be wasted, which picks up the fragments of our broken existence, ties together the loose threads of our activity, arranges our life plan, makes good the imperfections of our labor, and perfects itself in our weakness, suffering not even the little ones to perish, and permitting no good hope to fail; there is the thought of a vast hereafter, where every life shall be made complete. These consolations are for all in ordinary times; for those whose friends are cut off by untimely accident, if we may speak of untimeliness or accident in this world of God's; for those whose dear ones die of their own ignorance, error, foolishness and vice. For these friends of ours we have more than this; the sympathy of a great multitude, the fellowship of an immense company of noble mourners, the tender respect and love of strangers, the recognition of a country, the unspoken, perhaps unconscious gratitude of those ready to perish. The memory of such a career, of such a character, is alone consolation sufficient for more than ordinary grief. What greater comfort could there be for a mother than to have had even one such son? To be recognized and honored as the mother of such? To live in their reflected light and glory? When I think of mothers I know, who sit mourning for boys cut off in their prime by some fate which finished their career before their career had well begun; when I think of other mothers who sit mourning for beautiful boys who have dug their own graves by dissipation; and of other mothers yet who are ready to pray kind death to take their boys away from temptation before they sink under it, body and soul; this widowed mother, sitting by two such graves as these, with a heart full of such memories, seems to be blessed above the rest; yes, above thousands whose sons are living at their side.

A friend, last Summer, read me a letter from a young man in the army of the Potomac, written to his mother after the battle of Chancellorsville. It was the elder brother of him whose remains lie here. Early in the war the hearts of both burned to take part in the conflict for what they believed to be the cause of liberty, truth and justice among men. The elder went; the younger stayed to support and comfort his mother. Presently came brave letters from the camp, telling of the life there, presenting the most encouraging aspects of it for the sake of the dear ones at home, making light of the privations, hardships and perils, and showing h[illegible] purpose of the heart was deepening, [illegible] character was ripening under circum[illegible]e usually considered to be fatal to all [illegible]enderness of nature. The soul of the [illegible] was stirred by these words from the [illegible]ield. He felt that he must go. His mother pleads, his brother remonstrates, saying what such a man would say about duty at home, the mother's loneliness, the chances of battle, and the fearful thing it would be were both to die—but saying too, in an undertone which was felt, not seen in the writing—"Well; it is a great cause, and good men are needed in it, and it is no wonder that every high-minded man is eager to do his part." And John followed Edward; left the hills, the homestead, the farm, the sorrowing mother, the delights of his quiet, tranquil life.

Letters come now from both boys; letters that suggest—though their writers knew nothing of it and did not suspect it—the good they must be doing in the camp by their courage, their obedience, their high tone of loyalty, nor less by the purity and temperance and manly simplicity of their example. Brave we knew they were; ready, faithful, unflinching, unmurmuring. At Gettysburg the elder brother falls. The younger searches the bloody miles of battle ground for the body, finds it after many hours among the slain, bears it in his arms a mile to a quiet resting-place, whence it is removed to be borne northward by tender hands and laid in the gorgeous midsummer beneath the trees he loved so well.

Letters now from one brother again, telling the bereaved mother that he was unhurt and well; that he should come back to her soon; that Edward's spirit was about him and would ward off the balls; and in the future would be about them both, and help them along the rest of their way.

But exposure, work, sorrow, brought sickness; weeks of miserable sickness in the hospital, a sigh for the invigorating breath of these hills, and for a cheering sight of his old friends. But the bugle was ringing outside; his brave fellows were making ready for the charge; he leaves the hospital, full of courage as ever, but too feeble in body to take the field; for a fortnight, daily, he is out, wrapped in smoke and dust; narrowly escaping from death, as he rallies his men, he is taken prisoner. Still from the horrible Richmond prison come the letters, brave and uncomplaining; he is unwounded, he is safe now from danger in battle; he has strength to bear him through; he needs but a few comforts, blankets, clothing; he is not treated harshly. Poor fellow! he is dying from exhaustion. He goes to the hospital for a few days; he goes in the afternoon; the next morning he is dead in his bed.

It was long before this brother found his way home, and the mother's heart was getting tired with waiting; but he is here at last; and we are here to be honored by the presence of his remains.

For what was this young life given away? For what were this sweet home, this pleasant existence, these tranquil pursuits, this dear mother resigned? For what were all these cares and toils and sorrows borne? Not for himself; not that he might be richer, greater, more famous; not in pride or vindictiveness, or young love of adventure; but that the poor blacks of the South, whom he knew not and who knew not him, the poor blacks to whom the very name of man had been denied, the heaten, treated as the offscouring of the earth, might have their human rights; for these, whom he never saw, he died, with a faith as simple and a devotion as pure as ever man had, counting what he did as little, remembering only what he ought to do; unpretending, unambitious, with the heart of a little child and the conscience of a Christian man, he lived and died for a principle.

It is a strange sight, the coffin of a soldier, wrapped in a battle-flag, lying in a Friends' meeting-house. He was educated a Friend, and was in spirit, to the end, one of that peaceful brotherhood who abhor violence, and blood-shedding, and war. Comfort yourselves, oh Friends, with the thought that he preserved that pious abhorrence as sacredly as you do. He was a lover of peace; he went out in the holy cause of peace, as a peacemaker. Not to make war or to continue war, but to put an end to war; to die himself, if need were, by the hand of war, that war might cease; to make war in his country forever impossible by eradicating human slavery, its permanent cause, he took up arms. There seemed no other way of doing it. He would thankfully have used other means had other means been permitted. Accepting these, he prayed always for the quiet rest he hoped these would bring. You need not be afraid of shocking your principles by receiving him here from battle. His spirit would do no violence to the saintliest communion. Do we hate war less in these days than formerly? Nay, friends, we hate it if possible a thousand times more, and we hate slavery ten thousand times more, when we see them, father and son, doing such deeds as this.

O, my friends, the time is coming, the time is surely coming, when all they who went down into this great struggle will be held in honor by all lovers of order and peace; when they who have lost arm or leg in it will be looked at with profound respect; when they who have come out of it riven or scarred will be counted among the beautiful; when they who, like this young man, have died in it, with a noble sense of its significance, will be reckoned among the martyrs of God's truth. The time will come when they who have sent husband, son, brother, lover into this struggle, will be cherished in grateful remembrance. Yes, when they who have suffered in it, in any wise, even with no high sentiment of its grandeur, and no high purpose in their devotion, will yet be wrapped about with its sanctifying glory. Then we who have done nothing, who have but given a few of our superfluous dollars, who have but preached what others ought to do, will apologize for our well-preserved health and beauty, and will be glad to hide our shame behind the form of some hero of our blood.

It is sad to see so much young manhood laid low in its bloom, and laid low by that barbarian, War, pushed on by his more loathsome brother—Slavery. But we must not be narrow in judging the issues of a human life. Who can tell how existence may be most profitably spent? Who can decide what is the most effectual doing? Providence decides all that for us, and makes every earnest man do his whole work, wherever he is, and whether he live longer or shorter. Had our young friend lived, he would have been known and beloved among these hills, and doubtless would have made the force of his character felt by his neighbors. A good son, a faithful friend, a useful townsman, a sincere, honest, humane man, he would have lived and died here in the quiet, and the little stream of his existence would have fed the moral life of his generation, only as one of your mountain rivulets feeds the Atlantic Ocean. The heroic quality in him would have slumbered; his power of sacrifice would have been uncalled for, his example of pure patriotism would have been lost. Now he is known by many, to whom personally he was a stranger. He is respected and loved by some who never would have heard of him. He has exhibited manly qualities of the highest order, where men could see them. He has shed a virtue abroad in the camp. He has honored the name of soldier. He has read lessons of duty to some whom he would hardly have thought of instructing. For my own part, though I never saw him, I gratefully confess my debt to him for a fresh belief in the nobleness of human nature, for a more living faith in man, for a fresh conviction of the worth of a simple fidelity to principle, for a new sense of the sublimity of sacrifice. For me he has done much by his living, and by his dying. Yes, O my brother! they tell me that words of mine helped to show you the significance of this struggle, and did something to deepen in your heart the purpose that has brought you thus early to the grave. You have richly repaid the debt. You have shown me the significance of a good man's deed, and, I hope, have deepened in my heart a purpose that will help me to nobler life.

But we have said too much, we have broken too long and too impertinently the sacred silence. We should have allowed him to speak more. Had he been able to speak, he would have rebuked us for praising what he did in the sincerity of his heart, because he could not help it, and under pain of self-condemnation had he left it undone. Let us lay what is left of his poor body in the ground, and think of him as living and working on; for in the future time, when sweet peace shall come back to us, he will live and work in the pure sentiments he has aided in strengthening, and in the noble institutions he has died to establish.

*Killed at the battle of Gettysburg, July 2d, 1863, EDWARD H. KETCHAM, Lieut. 120th Regt. N. Y. V., in the 28th year of his age. Died in hospital at Richmond, Va., JOHN T. KETCHAM, Lieut. 4th N. Y. Cav. (a prisoner of war), in the 26th year of his age. Only sons of Martha T. and the late Daniel Ketcham, of Milton, Ulster Co., New York.

### LETTER FROM LOUISIANA.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

SURELY the last are first, and the first have become last. Those who sat in luxury are reduced to want; and the dark-skinned bondman, who toiled to maintain that luxury, without reward or thanks, is preferred before them. His years of bondage are numbered, he hears the weapons of the republic, and is the nemesis of his former oppressor. God chooses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty.

There is something thoroughly inspiring in being close to these colored men, so lately groaning as slaves, now jubilant as freedmen; once last, and least, now chosen first, as the saviors of many brethren. It is good to feel that the noble efforts put forth in their behalf are beginning to be felt and respected. It is touching to hear their words of gratitude, their prayers for "de white ossifers," as they often call us. They have not allowed themselves to regard this earthly life as a blessing (and to bondmen it can hardly be), they looked for a bright hereafter, their hearts were stayed by thoughts of heavenly freedom and felicity. Now, this life, sweetened by liberty, brings joy. Their wild, plaintive songs are giving way to cheerful music, and they are being taught that true religion only adds to the real joy of living.

Lately our soldiers have been gathering material for building school-houses. A number of men went out to a cotton-house, and soon had the proper parts of it loaded upon wagons. A cotton-house, where the sighs of the bondman were wont to be heard, being transformed into a *school*-house for colored soldiers. Yes those very beams and boards stand now as interesting insignia of their freedom.

Yet all has not been done that might have been done, that *ought* to have been done. The lovers of liberty have yet a great task before them. It is true that men who have learned to handle a musket are very poor material to make slaves of—they *will not be* slaves. But we must remember that they have been cheated of nearly every blessing until quite recently, and it is our duty to do all we can to make up this deficiency. *Certainly* we must be very careful that freedom shall be a blessing to them. Let it not be so small a freedom that it shall hardly be worth the name.

Many obstacles are still in their way, thrust there, sometimes needlessly, sometimes wilfully. It is wholly wrong to have these soldiers commanded by men who do not have a *thorough trust* in them. They are sagacious, and quickly detect any lack of faith in them. When they discover anything of this sort, it lessens their enthusiasm, and brings back the old feeling of desolation. It is sad to say it, but it is true, some of them have been forced to feel that they have made a poor exchange.

I speak of these things to show that we as Abolitionists cannot relax our efforts. We must be vigilant, and insist upon it that these men shall have the *blessings* of freedom. We must be heedful of the law-makers, the rulers, and still urge the *full* claim of our brethren. They look to us, they believe in us, they have been wont to call the North "God's country," and they expect (as they have a right to do) great things of us. How can we be safe, if we neglect so great opportunity?

It is refreshing to meet the faithful ones here. We have some grand men, who never slight an opportunity to bless the colored man. Individual effort will in this way do very much, particularly so when one occupies a responsible position. Our Assistant Adjutant-General is a man of royal stamp, and is one of the firmest friends of the colored man. He has lived in this State, and frequently meets old acquaintances among the contrabands who come in here. They know their friends, and it is not difficult to discover that they see in Capt. H. an old friend. To him I am indebted for acquaintance with some of our colored officers, who are men I delight to meet always. The Provost-Marshal is a staunch Abolitionist, hates rebellion, and the things that foster rebellion, but loves the interests of the freedmen. The blessing of many colored people rest upon him. We have others, too, who are faithful. Col. Z., Col. A., Major C., and others, are of the right stamp, and cannot fail to exert a helpful influence. But it is hard to grind corn when the *water-wheel* goes the wrong way. Let not our Northern friends murmur if the grist be small. There is something lacking about the machinery.

We are having delicious weather. The days are sweet as June days, but the nights quite cold. I like to ride over the deserted plantations in this vicinity, and think of them as soon to be the homes of free colored people. We owe it to them to see that this is done. They have a natural claim upon the soil, and their friends must not slacken their efforts until they occupy it.

LOUISIANA.

### PERSONAL.

Stephen S. Foster will deliver an address in the Church of the Puritans next Wednesday evening. Subject: "Reconstruction and the President." Go and hear him.

The first license in Germany to a woman to practice "lesser surgery" has just been granted. Frau Josepha Fey of the Cologne District is the lady. She is, however, always to act under the direction of a [illegible] practitioner.

Parson Brownlow is reported to be dangerously ill at Knoxville. A letter says: "His recovery is a question of serious doubt. He says, however, that he is not going to give up the ghost until every leader swings and the Union is restored. He is confined to his room and much of the time to his bed."

U. S. Marshal Murray of this city is a faithful officer. Just now he is doing a good work with bounty swindlers. None have been brought before him save one, and he went forthwith to Fort Lafayette—who [illegible] not been compelled to refund every dollar of their rascally-gotten money.

In a recent speech at Omaha, Nebraska, Geo. Francis Train declared himself the "best played out man in the country." The return to truth of George Francis which this remark indicates, is a hopeful sign in the case of the Massachusetts Prodigal, but we see no prospect of the "fatted calf" being killed to welcome his return.

The St. Louis *Republican*, a paper likely to be well informed, says:

> "Gen. Grant is not going to trouble himself concerning these movements of politicians. It is not his taste. His intention is to close the war as soon as possible, and he wants to be foot-loose, not hampered by political entanglements. He asks no other honors now. *He is not, and will not be, a candidate for the Presidency at the forthcoming election*, and politicians may trim their sails accordingly."

The advance orders for Horace Greeley's book on the war, "The American Conflict," are so large that the publishers are printing thirteen thousand copies, which will consume twenty tons of fine printing paper. This is a large sale for an eight dollar book "in war time." Mr. J. C. Derby is the general agent for New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia. More than thirty histories of the war are now in course of publication, and all are said to be successful.

### THE VEILED PROPHET OF DIXIE.

Is there not a certain resemblance between the Rebel Leader and Moore's Arch-Fiend, Makanna?

True, Jeff. Davis has some few confidants who are behind his veil, but he is equally the exponent, the incarnation of a fiend, and a lie upon his deluded followers, to whom he has promised a magnificent Slave Empire.

Listen to his late appeal—his endeavor to raise the drooping spirits, and then read Makanna's last "Proclamation" thus heralded by the poet:

> "Makanna sees the world is his no more;
> One sting at parting, and his grasp is o'er.
> 'What! drooping now?' thus with unblushing cheek
> He hails the few who yet can hear him speak,
> Of all those famished slaves around him dying,
> 'What! drooping now? Now, when at length we press
> Home o'er the very threshold of success;
> When Allah from our ranks has thinned away
> Those grosser branches that kept out his ray
> Of favor from us, and we stand at length
> Heirs of his light and children of his strength,
> The chosen few who shall survive the fall
> Of kings and thrones triumphant over all!
> Have you then lost, weak murmurers that you are,
> All faith in him who was your light, your star?'"

If in no other point, Jeff. Davis certainly resembles the impostor in the extent of his "*unblushing cheek.*"

It is to be hoped that when the final catastrophe comes, this modern impostor may not be able to hide his remains from the public gaze, but that the veil may be lifted, and the author of the hideous plot which has cost such misery be fully unveiled to the execrating gaze of the millions North and South, who were equally the intended victims of his unholy ambition.

### JUSTICE TO COLORED SOLDIERS.

THE following letter ought to raise a blush upon the cheek of every Senator and Representative in Congress who, upon whatever plausible pretence, has lent his aid to the miserable attempt to cheat our black soldiers out of their just wages:

HEADQUARTERS FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS,
BEAUFORT, S. C., Sunday, Feb. 14, 1864.

*To the Editor of The New York Times:*

May I venture to call your attention to the great and cruel injustice which is impending over the brave men of this regiment?

They have been in military service for over a year, having *volunteered*, every man, without a cent of bounty, on the written pledge of the War Department, that they should receive the same pay and rations with white soldiers.

This pledge is contained in the written instructions of Brig.-Gen. Saxton, Military Governor, dated Aug. 25, 1862. Mr. Solicitor Whiting, having examined those instructions, admits to me that "the faith of the government was thereby pledged to every officer and soldier under that call."

Surely if this fact were understood, every man in the nation would see that the government is degraded by using for a year the services of the brave soldiers, and then repudiating the contract by which they were enlisted. Yet this is what will be done should Mr. Wilson's bill, legalizing the back pay of the army, be defeated.

We presume too much on the supposed ignorance of these men. I have never yet found a man in my regiment so stupid as not to know when he was cheated. If fraud proceeds from government itself, so much the worse, for this strikes at the foundation of all rectitude, all honor, all obligation.

Mr. Senator Fessenden said, in the debate on Mr. Wilson's bill, Jan. 4, that the government was not bound by the unauthorized promises of irresponsible recruiting officers. But is the government itself an irresponsible recruiting officer? and if men have volunteered in good faith on the written assurances of the Secretary of War, is not Congress bound, in all decency, either to fulfil those pledges or to disband the regiments?

Mr. Senator Doolittle argued in the same debate that white soldiers should receive higher pay than black ones, because the families of the latter were often supported by government. What an astounding statement of fact is this! In the white regiment in which I was formerly an officer (the Massachusetts Fifty-first) nine-tenths of the soldiers families, in addition to pay and bounties, drew regularly their State aid. Among my black soldiers, with half pay and no bounty, not a family receives any aid. Is there to be no end, to the injustice we heap upon this unfortunate people? Cannot even the fact of their being in arms for the nation, liable to die any day in its defence, secure them ordinary justice? Is the nation so poor, so utterly demoralized by its pauperism, that after it has had the lives of these men, it must turn round and filch six dollars of the monthly pay which the Secretary of War promised to their widows? It is even so—if the excuses of Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Doolittle are to be accepted by Congress and by the people.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. W. HIGGINSON,
Colonel Commanding 1st S. C. Volunteers.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A RUNAWAY MASTER.—The following advertisement, which we copy from the Memphis (Tenn.) *Bulletin* of the 12th inst., affords a striking illustration of the ruin which the Rebellion has brought upon slavery:

FIFTY CENTS REWARD!—Ran away—the subscriber's master, about the 6th of June, 1862. He had on, when he left, a suit of black clothes, but frequently wears gray clothing. He is about 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighs about 170 pounds, has light hair, blue eyes and a florid complexion; is quick spoken and of good address. He was usually called Col. Ray; his name is J. E. B. Ray, was formerly Secretary of State under Gov. Harris. [illegible] it is supposed he may yet be in his company. When he agreed to become my master, he bound himself to take me for better or wusser, and to support me in sickness and in health; but he having absconded without making any arrangements to do so, I offer, and will pay, the above reward for his apprehension, and commitment to any jail where I can secure him, or half that sum for any information that will lead to his arrest. He is supposed to have gone South in search of the 'last ditch,' as he often spoke of it.

ALBERT RAY.

THE RECEPTION OF GEORGE THOMPSON in Boston, on Tuesday evening, was, according to the telegraphic reports, a great success. Music Hall was crowded, and many were disappointed in not finding room within its walls. Gov. Andrew made the welcoming address to Mr. Thompson, to which the latter replied. Further particulars next week.

## Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1864.

WHEN James Brooks of *The Express* does not hesitate in his place in Congress to assert that slavery is destroyed, we may feel tolerably certain that there is truth in his statement, for Brooks would not admit such a thing until he was convinced that there was no chance whatever for him and his political friends to save the institution from destruction. Mr. Brooks said from his place in the House on Friday last that he accepted the fact that slavery is destroyed—that the war has wrought its destruction. The concession astounded some of his colleagues and co-workers in the House, and well it might have done. Voorhees of Indiana endeavored to interrupt the orator in the course of his speech, but Mr. Brooks declined to allow him to administer a rebuke at that time. It will come, however, in due time. The Peace Democrats will never forgive the man who was one of their "shining lights" for deserting them in so important a crisis. They await a favorable opportunity to commence the war upon him, and if a genuine "persecution" should set in, it would not surprise me to hear of Mr. Brooks as a radical Abolitionist before the close of the year. Persecution often drives a very stupid man to the truth, and it may have this effect upon the somewhat distinguished (is *notorious* the proper word?) editor of the New York *Express*.

Sunset Cox of Ohio made his usual speech in the House a few days since on amalgamation, "negro equality," and kindred subjects. He always makes such a speech at every session, but this time there was something new in his performance. The book on *Miscegenation*, which has been noticed in the leading papers of the country, came in for an elaborate "notice" from Mr. Cox. This was Cox's style:

"If gentlemen doubt the authenticity of this new movement, let them go to the office of publication, 113 Nassau street, New York, and purchase. The movement is an advance upon the doctrine of the gentlemen opposite, but they will soon work up to it. The more philosophical and apostolic of the abolition fraternity have fully decided upon the adoption of this amalgamation platform. I am informed that the doctrines are already indorsed by such lights as Parker Pillsbury, Lucretia Mott, Albert Brisbane, William Wells Brown, Dr. McCune Smith (half and half—*miscegen*), Angelina Grimke, Theodore D. Weld and wife, and others.

"But these are inferior lights compared with others I shall quote. When I name Theodore Tilton, an editor of the government paper in Brooklyn called *The Independent*; when I recall the fact that the polished apostle of abolition, Wendell Phillips, whose golden-lipped eloquence can make miscegenation as attractive to the ear as it is to the other senses; when I quote from the New York *Tribune*, the centre and circumference of the abolition movement, and Mrs. Stowe, whose writings have almost redeemed by their genius the hate and discord which they aided to create; when I shall have done all this, I am sure the Progressives on the other side will begin to prick up their ears and study the new science of miscegenation with a view to its practical realization by a bureau" (laughter).

Mr. Tilton, I imagine, will look around him "in Brooklyn" in vain to find the "government paper called *The Independent*." This is a sample of the ignorance of the most intelligent of pro-slavery Congressmen.

Mr. Cox, as a matter of course, found men in the House who would laugh at his coarse wit upon "miscegenation," but he was compelled to hear the House laugh on the other side of the question. Mr. Washburne of Illinois got the floor as soon as Mr. Cox sat down, and proceeded to refresh the Ohio member with extracts from one of his own books written several years ago. Cox had been making a campaign speech, and was laboring hard to convince the people of the free States that the Republicans would soon advocate the ideas contained in the book upon "miscegenation." He was endeavoring to rouse the old prejudices of the people against the negro by crying out "negro-equality." I must quote a portion of Mr. Washburne's reply: it was good:

"I desire to show the House what the gentleman from Ohio has written in regard to the 'African,' in a book entitled 'A Buckeye Abroad; or Wanderings in Europe and in the Orient. By S. S. Cox.' He is describing St. Peter's, and says: 'In the meantime seraphic music from the Pope's select choir ravishes the ear, while the incense titillates the nose. Soon there arises in the chamber of theatrical glitter'—what?—'a plain unquestioned African!' (laughter), 'and he utters the sermon in facile Latinity, with graceful manner. His dark hands gestured harmoniously with the rotund periods, and his swart visage beamed with a high order of intelligence' (laughter). What was he? Let the gentleman from Ohio answer: 'He was an Abyssinian. What a commentary was here upon our American prejudices! The head of the great Catholic Church surrounded by the ripest scholars of the age, listening to the eloquence'—of whom?—'of the despised negro; and thereby illustrating to the world'—what?—'thereby illustrating to the world the common bond of brotherhood which binds the human race' (roars of laughter).

"Mr. Speaker, I appeal to the House if it does not appear that the author of that pamphlet must have been corrupted by reading the work of my friend from Ohio.

"But the gentleman goes on to say: 'I confess that, at first, it seemed to me a sort of theatrical mummery, not being familiar with such admixtures of society.' That was the first impression of my young and festive friend from Ohio as he wandered through the gilded corridors of St. Peter's (laughter). 'But,' he says, 'on reflection, I discerned in it the same influence which, during the dark ages, conferred such inestimable blessings on mankind. History records that from the time of the revival of letters the influence of the Church of Rome had been generally favorable to science, to civilization, and to good government. Why?' Why, asks my friend from Ohio, is the Church of Rome so favorable to science, to civilization, and to good government. Let the gentleman answer: 'Because her system held then, as it holds now, all distinctions of caste as odious'" (great laughter).

This is the third time that this book has been read upon Mr. Cox by way of reply, but it was never before done quite so well as Mr. Washburne did it.

There was a test-vote in the House a few days since which gave the strength of the "Conservatives" and "Radicals." The contest sprung up very suddenly and unexpectedly upon the presentation of the credentials of one Col. Johnson of Arkansas, who claims to represent a district of that State in the House of Representatives. It was moved that the credentials be referred to the Committee of Elections, but Winter Davis of Baltimore at once moved to send them to the Select Committee on the rebellious States. He desired that a Committee should first inquire whether there is a "State of Arkansas" in the Union. This at once opened the whole subject of the *status* of a "rebellious State" in the Union. The discussion continued for three hours, after which the vote was taken. The credentials were referred to the Committee of Elections by a large majority. About fifty Republicans voted with Winter Davis to send them to the Committee on the Rebellious States, and about twenty-five voted to send them to the Elections Committee. The Opposition voted solid—even down to Fernando Wood—with the conservative Republicans. The result proved that no extreme measure can be carried through the House, for there are at least twenty members of the House who are Republicans who will on such an occasion join the Democrats. There was a vote of less importance on Friday—upon a motion to print 10,000 extra copies of McClellan's Report. It was carried by the aid of Republican votes. This will be the case, doubtless, upon all such motions or propositions. In any case where the war and its prosecution is concerned, it will not be difficult to obtain a large majority. Nor will it be when a plain issue respecting slavery is presented. The Republicans voted to a man for the Confiscation resolution, and for enrolling slaves. But when any of the questions which have been in dispute between conservative and radical Republicans are opened, then the vote of the House will be a conservative one. Two-thirds of the Republicans in Congress are decided radicals—one-third are conservative. In the House whenever the Opposition cast their votes with the Conservatives, of course the Radicals will be beaten.

Mr. Lincoln is very cautious not to commit himself in a way to offend either Radical or Conservative. No one can tell what his position is upon many of the debated questions of the time. Gen. Blair, who votes steadily with the Opposition, and who opposes most of the prominent measures presented by leading Republicans in the House, is intimate with the President, and for all that I can see or hear, he is precisely as welcome at the White House as the most ardent Republican would be. This may be good policy for a man who is expecting to be renominated for the Presidency, but it makes the decided, unequivocal Republicans uneasy.

There are indications that there is to be a reorganization of parties before many months. The better portion of the Democrats and the conservative Republicans will unite just as Frank Blair and Mr. Odell of Brooklyn often do on the floor of the House. One is a very conservative Republican—the other almost a "War Democrat."

George Thompson has been invited to deliver a lecture in this city before one of our Lecture Associations.

AVON.

### THE WOMEN'S PETITION FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

OFFICE OF THE WOMEN'S LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE,
Room No. 20, Cooper Institute,
New York, February, 1864.

*The Women's Loyal National League, to the Women of the Republic:*

WE ask you to sign and circulate our petition for the ENTIRE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY. We have already obtained ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND signatures, but we want a MILLION before Congress adjourns. Remember the President's proclamation reaches only the slaves of rebels. The jails of LOYAL Kentucky are to-day "crammed" with Georgia, Mississippi and Alabama slaves, advertised to be sold for their jail fees "ACCORDING TO LAW," precisely as before the war!!! While slavery exists ANYWHERE there can be freedom NOWHERE. THERE MUST BE A LAW ABOLISHING SLAVERY. We have undertaken to canvass the Nation for freedom. Women, you cannot vote or fight for your country. Your only way to be a power in the government is through the exercise of this one, sacred, *constitutional* "RIGHT OF PETITION"; and we ask you to use it NOW to the utmost. Go to the rich, the poor, the high, the low, the soldier, the civilian, the white, the black—gather up the names of all who *hate* slavery—all who love LIBERTY, and would have it the LAW of the land—and lay them at the feet of Congress, your silent but potent vote for human freedom guarded by law.

You have shown true courage and self-sacrifice from the beginning of the war. You have been angels of mercy to our sick and dying soldiers in camp and hospital, and on the battle-field. But let it not be said that the women of the Republic, absorbed in ministering to the outward alone, saw not the philosophy of the revolution through which they passed; understood not the moral struggle that convulsed the nation—the irrepressible conflict between liberty and slavery. Remember the angels of mercy and justice are twin sisters, and ever walk hand in hand. While you give yourselves so generously to the Sanitary and Freedmen's Commissions, forget not to hold up the eternal principles on which our Republic rests. Slavery once abolished, our brothers, husbands and sons will never again, for ITS SAKE, be called to die on the battle-field, starve in rebel prisons, or return to us crippled for life; but our country free from the one blot that has always marred its fair escutcheon, will be an example to all the world that "RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION."

THE GOD OF JUSTICE IS WITH US, AND OUR WORD, OUR WORK—OUR PRAYER FOR FREEDOM—WILL NOT, CANNOT BE IN VAIN.

E. CADY STANTON, President.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Secretary.

### OBITUARY.

DIED, in Pennsbury Township, Chester Co., Pa., on the morning of First-day, 21st of Second month, of consumption, ELLIE H. MENDENHALL, wife of Aaron Mendenhall, and youngest child of the late Enoch and Susannah Taylor of East Fallowfield, aged 28 years.

Thus has passed away in early maturity a woman beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends, and to whom, but a few months since, the prospect of a long and happy life was most flattering. A devoted wife, mother and sister, her attachment to life was strong; but when it became clear to her that she must depart, she resigned herself without a murmur to the will of her Heavenly Father, and bid husband, child, and other fond relatives an affectionate farewell, in the assurance of a blessed immortality. In her death the slave has lost an intelligent and devoted friend.

"Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled,
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

"Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee.

"Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong."

## Chronicles of the War.

### Latest News in Brief.

FROM NEW ORLEANS.

On the night of the 11th the friends of Judge Flanders held a large mass meeting in front of the Custom House, at which addresses were made by Messrs. Durant, Maas, and Pierson, when the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the appeal from ballots to bullets has been an unsuccessful attempt to fasten slavery upon the country, and that any effort now to appeal from bullets to ballots to save their peculiar institution, must be likewise vain and abortive.

Resolved, That free speech, free labor, free press, free schools and free men, are utterly inconsistent with the existence of any Constitution of Louisiana, recognizing the existence of slavery in any shape whatever.

Resolved, That the election ordered by the Commanding General of the Department has been declared to be free and untrammeled; that the people are not only requested, but are expected to vote; that the nominees of the Radical branch of the Free State party, headed by Benjamin F. Flanders as Governor, are good men and true, in whose intelligence and patriotism we have abiding confidence, and we respectfully and earnestly commend the ticket to the favor and support of our fellow-citizens.

On Friday evening, the 12th, a second mass meeting, in Mr. Hahn's interest, was held in Lafayette Square, which was equally as large and enthusiastic as that for Judge Flanders.

FROM GEN. GRANT'S DEPARTMENT.

Over 12,000 negroes have already enlisted in Tennessee. Enlistments in the middle district average 500 per week.

Gen. Palmer's forces occupied Ringgold, Ga., on the afternoon of the 22d. Our mounted infantry in advance drove out the rebel patrols found at Colorado, about two miles distant, but did not pursue. The town is quiet. But seven families are left in the place, which formerly had three thousand inhabitants. Gen. Palmer has remained in peaceful possession of Ringgold and the Gap covering Chattanooga. The enemy may yet accept his invitation and fight.

A report from Chattanooga of the 23d indicates a retreat of Longstreet across the French Broad River. It is thought here that, having failed to accumulate force sufficient for prompt, energetic operations on our communications, he has grown fearful of concentrations against him or Johnston, and is now endeavoring to form a junction with the latter at Dalton before the Spring campaign can open.

The largest estimates give Longstreet 20,000 men and 50 field pieces. Johnston can alone have at Dalton six divisions of infantry, about 30,000 men. The two armies concentrated will probably muster 60,000 men and might prove dangerous.

Great dissatisfaction exists among the rebels, and the evidences of their demoralization are numerous.

Provost-Marshal-Gen. Parkhurst reports that for January and half of February a total of 3,276 deserters have come in from Johnston's army alone.

FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

The only authentic tidings of Sherman's grand movement upon the rear of Mobile come by way of the South.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 20th has the following:

An official dispatch to the War Department of the 18th inst. announces Gen. Sherman's arrival at Quitman, on the Ohio and Mobile Railroad, without opposition, but he will not be allowed to take Mobile without a desperate battle.

The enemy's advance was, without comparison, the boldest movement of the war. Sherman has from 25,000 to 30,000 men. They tear up the railroad and bridges in their rear. He meditates no step backward.

*Mobile, Feb. 19.*—Farragut has not renewed his attack on Grant's Pass. His fleet lies in the Sound, the weather being too bad for action.

No landing is reported yet in the direction of Pascagoula.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 7th publishes the following:

*Mobile, Feb. 15.*—Meridian was evacuated yesterday. The government property was saved.

Capt. Adair, of Forest's staff, has arrived. Forest was at Oxford on the 9th. He was confronting a column of infantry 6,000 strong, from Memphis via Hernando, and twelve regiments of cavalry via Colliersville.

Sherman's forces, 35,000 strong, are marching in close order, with Lee's cavalry harassing their flanks, and picking up stragglers.

*Pascagoula, Feb. 15.*—The enemy's fleet, including the flag-ship, have gone eastward, through the Sound, in the direction of Grant's Pass. Four more gunboats have just appeared steering the same course.

*Mobile, Feb. 16.*—Gov. Watts this morning issued a proclamation to the citizens of Mobile, that the city is about to be attacked, and exhorting non-combatants to leave.

The gunboat Conestoga, ten miles below the mouth of Red River, recently captured four rebel officers, two of them Colonels, while attempting to cross the river with a large rebel mail, $200,000 in New Orleans money, 30 bales of cotton, a number of mules, horses and wagons, and other property to be delivered to the Quartermaster at Natchez.

The rebel pirate Tuscaloosa has been seized by the British authorities at the Cape for violation of the neutrality laws, in landing a portion of a captured cargo on that coast. The Tuscaloosa, after a three month's cruise, had met, out of 100 vessels, only one American ship. In consequence of her having been ordered away from a Brazilian port, her crew were placed on short allowance. The United States Consul at the Cape had lodged a claim against the Tuscaloosa on account of her former owners.

### The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

MARCHING SONG OF THE FIRST ARKANSAS.

[The following song was written by Capt. Lindley Miller of the First Arkansas colored regiment. Capt. Miller says the "boys" sing the song on dress parade with an effect which can hardly be described, and adds, that "while it is not very conservative, it will do to fight with." Capt. Miller is a son of the late ex-Senator Miller of New Jersey.]

Oh! we're de bully soldiers of de "First of Arkansas,"
We are fighting for de Union, we are fighting for de law;
We can hit a rebel furder dan a white man eber saw,
As we go marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

See dar! above de centre, where de flag is wavin' bright;
We are goin' out of slavery; we are bound for freedom's light;
We mean to show Jeff. Davis how de Africans can fight!
As we go marching on.

We hab done wid hoein' cotton, we hab done with hoein' corn,
We are colored Yankee soldiers now, as sure as you are born;
When de massas hear us yellin' dey'll tink it's Gabriel's horn,
As we go marching on.

Dey will hab to pay us wages, the wages of their sin,
Dey will hab to bow their foreheads to their colored kith and kin,
Dey will hab to gib us house-room, or de roof shall tumble in,
As we go marching on.

We heard de proclamation, massa hush it as he will;
De bird he sing it to us, hoppin' on de cotton hill,
And the possum up de gum-tree he couldn't keep it still,
As he went climbing on.

Dey said, "Now colored bredren, you shall be forever free,
From the first of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-three";
We heard it in de riber goin' rushin' to de sea,
As it went sounding on.

Father Abraham has spoken, and de message has been sent,
De prison doors he opened, and out de pris'ners went,
To join de sable army of de "African descent,"
As we go marching on.

Den fall in, colored bredren, you'd better do it soon;
Don't you hear de drum a beatin' de Yankee Doodle tune?
We are wid you now dis mornin', we'll be far away at noon,
As we go marching on.

Goodrich's Landing, La., Jan. 18, 1864.

THE COLORED SOLDIERS.

A petition asking Congress to pass such laws as will put the soldiers of our army on the same footing as to bounty, pay, and pensions, without regard to difference of complexion, was on Tuesday forwarded to each member of Congress and the State Legislature by the Committee of the Union League. It was signed by eight hundred of our prominent citizens, including Albert Bierstadt, H. R. Brown, the sculptor, Rev. H. W. Beecher, Church, the artist, Gen. T. S. Cummings, N. B. Collins, E. W. Fargo, R. Ginnoux, Horace Greeley, Leutze, the artist, B. F. Manierre, Jonathan Sturgis, Dr. S. P. Townsend, A. R. Wetmore, Hiram Walbridge, and others equally well-known to the public.—*Eve. Post, 18th.*

DOING WELL IN MISSISSIPPI—A BLACK SOLDIER MURDERED BY THE REBELS.

The correspondent of *The Tribune* at Cairo, under date Feb. 14, says: "We have dates from up the Yazoo to the 6th. Our forces met the rebels at Sartasia, on the east bank, and defeated them. The gunboats were engaged. Thence the infantry marched to Mechanicsville, where a small battle was fought, resulting in our favor. Several colored regiments were engaged, and did well. Fighting among them also was the 11th Illinois, formerly the 109th, which hated the negro beyond description. They have learned some things. On this march a colored soldier of the 1st Arkansas straggled, was taken prisoner, and shot by the rebels in cold blood. Shortly after, Col. Wood captured a lieutenant and two privates. The former confessed that he had a hand in the murder. Col. Wood ordered the three, in retaliation, to be shot. It is absolutely demanded that we show this firmness, and the enemy will know what to expect. There are nine regiments left at Vicksburg, five white and four colored.

A BLACK HERO.

Mr. Eliot, of Mass., in his recent speech in the House in favor of the bill establishing a Bureau of Freedmen's Affairs, referred in the following merited terms to the colored hero from New Bedford:

"I could tell you of a man from my own city—Sergeant Carney of the Massachusetts 54th—whose dark complexion covers, but cannot cloud, a true soul and a brave heart. I could tell you how he seized the regimental colors and planted them upon Fort Wagner—how he was shot down, holding firmly aloft his sacred banner—how he kept his post while men were falling around him, his own blood pouring out the while, until the attack was over—how, after his regiment retired, he remained, his colors flying and within the fort, but no one there to defend or to support him—how he dragged his shattered body along, holding his banner up, supporting himself with it as with a staff—how he was again sorely wounded by a rebel ball, but kept on his way undaunted and unsubdued until he had drawn himself, his colors flying, toward his regiment, and how wearied and fainting he found his men, saying, as he fell exhausted and spent: 'Here are the colors, boys; they have not touched the ground!' Other men wear stars on their shoulders, but this man, black though he may be, shall live in history, himself a star fixed and luminous forever."

WHAT BECOMES OF CAPTURED COLORED SOLDIERS.

The Rev. Mr. Trumbull, Chaplain to the 10th Connecticut Regt., which arrived here on Friday morning, states that he was taken prisoner at Fort Wagner, and held four months by the rebels. In Charleston he had an opportunity to see the colored soldiers who participated in the fight at Fort Wagner, and who were taken prisoners at that time by the rebels. He says they are not sold into slavery, nor slaughtered by the enemy, but are treated in all respects as the white soldiers are treated.

While in prison, Mr. Trumbull saw a number of the officers of colored regiments in captivity, and he says there was no distinction made between them and the officers of white regiments.—*Tribune.*

THE BLACK SOLDIERS IN BUTLER'S LIBERATING EXPEDITION.

The correspondent of *The Tribune*, in his account of Gen. Butler's recent expedition toward Richmond for the deliverance of the Union prisoners, says: "If that most praiseworthy undertaking rendered conspicuous the fact that a *movement*, and a most rapid one, too, can be made over Virginia roads in Winter, it settled another no less mooted question, and has put beyond cavil forever, in Congress and elsewhere, the physical *endurance* of the negro soldier. Of Gen. Wistar's command, three regiments of infantry were colored soldiers. All our footmen were marched in the most rapid manner, in order that they might be within supporting distance of the corals. As a result of this hard marching, on the first day out over *two hundred* had fallen out of one of the United States regiments from exhaustion. When our forces reached Bottom's Bridge, and discovered that their attempted surprise had been exposed, it is estimated that fully *one half* of the white soldiers who commenced the march had given out, and the roads back to Williamsburg were lined with stragglers. But I have the authority of a captain in one of the white regiments for the statement that *not a single colored soldier* fell out, from illness, exhaustion, or any other cause, and when the rolls were called before the ordered retreat, *every single sable son* who had started on the march, was present and answered to his name! My informant confessed to a prejudice against negroes wearing the United States uniform, and had honestly supposed them incapable of enduring the severe physical fatigue of the white soldier; but, to use his own language: 'There's no use talking, they can kill every white soldier in three days' marching.' These simple-minded creatures, as they truly are, had intelligence enough to comprehend that there was very likely hard work to be done, and one, more venerable than the rest, was overheard to give expression to the sentiment which seemed to suggest itself to all: 'I say, boys, 'twon't never do to be taken prisoners down 'ar.' And their commander felt fully confident that any attempt to capture this part of his force would cost the enemy all that it was worth.

"One of the most significant as well as remarkable features of Gen. Butler's administration here, is the success attending the enlistment and organization of negro regiments. Beside the three infantry regiments, he has now two of colored cavalry, both well filled, and one of them the first organized anywhere in the country. And if these men can march on foot, what can't they perform in the way of riding? We had a case in illustration only a few days since. Their horses were all young and fresh, grain-fed, and mettlesome; among others a colt, so wild and restive that it seemed impossible that he ever could be subdued. The quiet eye of a colored boy fairly beamed with delight as he craved the chance of riding the colt. No sooner was he mounted than the circus was put far in the shade. Such lofty rearing, kicking and shaking would have appalled even a Rarey. Failing to unseat its rider, the vicious beast lay down and *rolled over*, but when he rose again the boy was *still clinging to his back!* 'You can *squeeze* dis chiel much's you like, but yes can't get dis darke off nohow,' *and it couldn't.*

"In music, too, they are natural experts. I was shown a boy, certainly not over seventeen, and probably not more than fifteen, who ten days previous had never seen a bugle, while on the occasion of the review his efforts in that line fairly eclipsed the rotund Teuton who used to strain his cheeks so fearfully on Barnum's balcony.

"Col. Garrard is in command of the 1st Regiment, and commenced its organization only about six weeks ago. Col. Geo. W. Cole (formerly Major of the 3d N. Y. Cavalry, a brave and accomplished officer) commands the 2d, and has only been about four weeks in recruiting and equipping his regiment. The first regimental parade and review took place last week—Saturday. The men and horses deported themselves in their evolutions like old veterans. The steeds looked *unlike* anything I had ever witnessed in a cavalry regiment. They were fat and *groomed* to the highest style of the art. Indeed, it seems to be a matter of high emulation among these men as to who shall get the most *shine* on the coat of his steed. Manes and tails were also braided and crimpled, more in the style of some county horse fair than for military service.

"This same neatness and attempt at ornamentation extends to their own persons, clothing, tents, camp grounds and the like. They are quite as unlike other soldiers, in their personal habits also. There is no drunkenness, or fear of any; very little profanity or gross vulgarity; no playing sick to escape the drill, for they like it; and with the imitativeness of monkeys, they cannot be surpassed in their readiness of acquiring precision in military evolutions. No guards are necessary to prevent desertion, and in fine, without costing the government one cent in premiums, they are showing a prejudiced people that they are *more capable* and *willing* to serve in the ranks than the white man, while his life may be less valuable to society and government if sacrificed.

"If any man's midnight dreams are still haunted with the question of 'What shall be done with the negro?' I confidently commend him to Gen. Butler's Department for a radical cure."

COLORED ARTILLERY—SCARRED BY THE WHIP!

The Knoxville (Tenn.) correspondent of *The Tribune*, under date Feb. 9, says: Enlistments for the battery of heavy artillery of colored troops, under the auspices of Gen. Tillson, have run up to 600, the character of the men coming up to and even exceeding the required standard for *physique* and other qualifications required for similar bodies of troops. Dr. Cumming mentioned, in the presence of several gentlemen, last evening, that in the physical examination of these candidates for military honors, he had noticed that a large proportion of them had been scarred by the whip. Of 90 whom he examined, 58, or about two-thirds, had their backs and other parts of their persons thus mutilated. Some were horribly scarred by this almost universal instrument of torture. Thank God! the day of deliverance and of retribution, though waiting long, is coming, and that, too, by the insane act of the oppressors themselves.

WORK FOR THE COLORED TROOPS IN THE SOUTHWEST.

A letter received here to-day from Chattanooga, says that the colored troops organized in the Southwest by Adjt.-Gen. Thomas, will perform an important part in the Spring campaign in that region. Seventy-five thousand colored men will be ready for service in the Southwest by the 1st of May.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

Col. James Alexander, commanding the First Brigade of Infantry, of African descent, at Memphis, Tenn., finding occasion to complain of insults to his officers and men, sent a letter to the Memphis *Bulletin* under date of Feb. 8, the concluding portion of which we copy:

"At present there are hundreds and even thousands of colored men, fully armed and equipped, well drilled and disciplined, in our city. These men with their officers are here, not to wage warfare upon women and children, but to fight rebels, defend the cause of the country, and in so doing protect the lives and property of the citizens of Memphis. These men have been found the best of soldiers. They are faithfully obeying every order, and discharging every duty. If not insulted, they wish no revenge upon their former masters, but if insulted with bayonets in their hands, they become the most desperate men on earth.

"At present, to a great extent, the lives and property of every man in the city are in their hands. Let me say, as the commander of the colored infantry, that if my officers and men are treated as gentlemen and as soldiers, which I know they are, that I will omit no effort to make my command efficient, putting it under the highest state of drill and discipline. But with the insults offered my officers and men, it will be impossible to prevent violence. In several instances, women, passing the guard lines for ladies, have even cursed the officers and soldiers, and that for no other offense than being saluted by a colored soldier. In many instances a canteen of water has been refused by the very men whose lives and property we protect. In several instances wrong representations have been made against the men. I do ask that these things in the future be avoided.

"I further state that no one of my command is permitted to enter a yard, or house, without the permission of an officer, or to take anything whatever without authority, and I do request that if citizens are molested in this respect by any member of the 1st brigade A. D., that they make complaint direct to me, with proof of the same, when the guilty parties will be punished. In the forenoon, I will always be found at my headquarters on the Pigeon Roost road.

"In several instances the guards have been fired upon by citizens. If such things again occur, the officers of the guards are not only instructed to shoot such persons down in their tracks, but burn the houses from or near which such shots may come, if the inhabitants do not inform on the evil parties. Being a Southern man once myself, I fully understand the condition of the South. Union men are willing to give up all for the *Union and peace:* TRAITORS *have no rights;* they will give *nothing*, because they have *nothing* to give. By their fruits we know them.

JAMES M. ALEXANDER,
Col. Com'g 1st Brigade A. D.

TREATMENT OF OUR COLORED TROOPS AT VICKSBURG.

From The Evening Post.

Not long since we directed the public attention to the employment of colored soldiers in the neighborhood of Charleston as day-laborers, instead of allowing them an opportunity to perfect themselves in military exercises. Afterwards the wrong was corrected by a general order, which required the colored soldiers to be relieved from the exaction of this sort of service and properly drilled. The order was referred to by some of the journals, strangely enough, as a proof that there was no occasion for the complaints which had been made. On the contrary, the order was an acknowledgment of a past wrong and a measure of redress for the future.

We hear complaints of a like nature from the Southwest. From a sure source we learn that the colored troops in the neighborhood of Vicksburg, instead of being immediately put to drill on their enlistment, and made fit for duty when needed, have been kept constantly at work on the fortifications, performing the tasks of common laborers at the landings, loading and unloading boats and barges, and serving as a street police in Vicksburg, while the white regiments are lying idle in camp, or occupied only in duties which belong to a military life.

There is another practice which stands in the way of making soldiers of colored men. Orders for what are called "permanent details" upon the colored regiments are frequently received, which withdraw portions of the colored troops from the rest, and thus the men become, as our authority states, "scattered beyond all hope of being returned." All this while there is, we hear, no want of professions of good will on the part of the commanding officers towards the colored troops. So far as words go this is very well; and, so far as deeds are concerned, there can be no objection to put upon the black soldiers a full proportion of the labors not strictly military, which the convenience of the army may require to be performed; but to put the whole burden of these labors on them, to the prejudice of their instruction in things that fit them for the calling of a soldier, is not only a gross injustice but a violation of military regulations, and, as a matter of policy, exceedingly short-sighted and improvident. The colored troops, like all others, should be made good soldiers as soon as possible, that the war may be finished the earlier.

Yet these regiments have been compelled to face the enemy, on some occasions, even before they were regularly mustered, and before they knew how properly to handle their arms. They did themselves credit; they showed that they were the very stuff of which good soldiers could be made with a little discipline. To throw away the opportunity of making them such, as we are now doing, is a most foolish proceeding, as well as exceedingly unfair to them. We hope the attention of the War Department will be turned to this matter and the proper remedy immediately applied.

FROM PORT HUDSON.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

PORT HUDSON, La., Feb. 10.

We continue to drill and dig. These two labors are followed up through weeks and months, as if they were equal to meat and drink. The monster forts and earthworks tell how usefully and faithfully the colored soldier has been used; and, to our great delight, we notice our government contemplates giving him the compensation he so fully deserves. We have had two or three alarms of late. The colored regiments, now old soldiers, were very anxious for a fight. They have been in service so long without a fair chance to pay their respects to their old masters, that they actually pray for one. The alacrity with which they form in line of battle is most commendable. We had an alarm a few nights ago. Your correspondent was on the ground, seeing how the men tumbled out of bed and into their uniforms. One fellow attracted particular attention. He was so certain the rebels had come, and so anxious to be on the ground in good time, that he took his trousers, and sticking one leg in—and that into the wrong leg of the garment—he, feeling that it would take too long to rectify the mistake, buckled on his armor and rushed forward to the line of battle, saying, "No man from Company D is agwine to be hack of de time."

Two nights ago, the first of a large number of newly-constructed regimental school-houses was dedicated, with appropriate services. Every shingle, and every plank, and every log of it had formerly been used in the interest of slavery. Henceforth the cause of education, religion and justice shall be served by them.

The house was put up under the direction of Lieut. Robert G. Seymour, and is to be used as the church and school-house of the Seventh Regiment of the Corps d'Afrique, of which James C. Clark is Colonel. The services connected with the dedication were opened with prayer by Chaplain T. W. Conway. Lieut. Seymour said:

"FELLOW-SOLDIERS: This is the proudest hour of my life. It is a satisfaction which I shall cherish as long as I live, to be the instrument of giving you the blessing of education. Although the work of teaching you has been scorned by bad men, I am proud of the thought that good men love it, and say, 'God speed to it,' and above all that God loves it."

Col. Clark said:

"I am pleased to see the progress you are making in the matter of education. Some people thought your skulls were so thick and your brains so stupid that you could not learn. I am happy to see how your own conduct proves the mistakes thus made by your enemies. This house is yours; put up by your own hands, and finished according to your own taste. It will be expected of you to attend diligently to your studies at the hours I shall appoint for them; and be sure you will find no means better adapted to make you good soldiers and good citizens, than those for which this house is built."

Surgeon Chas. L. Fisher, Lieut.-Col. Young, Lieut. Bagley, Lieut. Osborn and Dr. Worth, made short addresses. Rev. T. W. Conway, Chaplain of the regiment, said:

"FELLOW-SOLDIERS: You must be proud of this occasion. It serves to show how wonderfully God is dealing with you for your good. A few months ago every board and shingle of this house served to bind you in slavery, now they are to serve a better purpose. They are to be used to build you up and make men of you. Here you are to learn to read and write, and on this you will look in future years, as the spot where you learned those letters which will then be used by you to serve the same purpose that they do to us. Nearly three years of labor in the army, and much of it to help bring about the state of things represented by this house to-night, gives to me a peculiar gratification. I have thought we had more school-houses in our Yankee towns than anywhere else in the world, but I think there are more of them here in Port Hudson than I ever saw for the same number of persons, anywhere in my travels. Here is one, just across the street in the Eighth is another, just over there on the hill the Ninth have another. And then, if we climb a tree, we can see one in the First, one in the Third, one in the Eleventh, one in the Twelfth, one in the Tenth, one in Seventeenth, and so on. So let us take courage. The world surely moves, and God is at the helm."

At the conclusion, Corp. Spencer McDowell made the following speech:

"I has been a thinkin I was old man; for on de plantation I was put down wid de old hands, and I quinsicontly feeled myself dat I was a old man. But since I has come here to de Yankees and been made a soldier for de Unite States, an got dese beautiful clothes on, I feels like one young man, and I doesn't call myself a old man, nebber no more. An I feels dis ebenin dat if de rebs came down here to dis old Fort Hudson, dat I could jus fight um as brave as any man what is in de Sebenth Regiment. Sometimes I has mighty feelins in dis ole heart of mine, when I considers how dese ere ossifers come all de way from de North to fight in de cause what we is fighten fur. How many ossifers has died, and how many white soldiers has died in dis great and glorious war what we is in! An now I feels dat fore I would turn coward away from dese ossifers, I feels dat I could drink my own blood an be pierced through wid five thousand bullets. I feels sometimes as doe I ought to tank Massa Linkern for dis blessin what we has; but again I comes to de solemn conclusion dat I ought to tank de Lord, Massa Linkern an all dese ossifers. Fore I would be a slave gain, I would fight till de last drop of blood was gone. I has cluded to fight for my liberty, an for dis edication what we is now to receive in dis beautiful new house what we has. Aldo, I hasn't got any edication nor no book learnin. I has rose up dis blessed ebenin to do my best afore dis congregation. Dats all what I has to say now, but at some future occasion I may say more dan I has to say now, and ediiy you all when I has more preperation. Dats all what I has to say. Amen."

## Summary.

Miss Dickinson delivered two lectures in St. Louis on the 20th and 21st of February to overflowing houses.

Hannah Kelley, believed to be the last slave in Pennsylvania, died at Cross Creek Township, Washington County, on the 15th, aged 103 years.

A dispatch from Des Moines says that a bill has passed both branches of the Legislature of Iowa repealing the law prohibiting immigration of free negroes into the State.

Eleven business firms of Beaufort, S. C., have presented the wife of General Saxton with a sum of money large enough to purchase a house. They desired to give the house to the General, but he declined to accept it.

The workmen on the Pacific railroad, eastern division, on New Year's day got up an agreement, which has been numerously signed, pledging that for every profane word uttered during the year 1864 they would pay one dollar for the benefit of the Soldiers' Aid Fund.

Gen. Butler proposes to establish a common-school system at Norfolk and Fortress Monroe, modeled upon that of Massachusetts. This will insure the education of hundreds of colored children. It is a sad fact that of nearly three thousand five hundred colored soldiers in camp on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, not one can either read or write.

A correspondent writes to us from Albany that "The Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement" in that city, have voted to exclude colored persons from attending the public lectures. That Society is well named: there is certainly room for "improvement" among its members.—*Independent.*

The Nashville *Union* says that "Gen. W. G. Harding, President of the famous Military Board of the rebel Governor of Tennessee, Isham G. Harris, has taken the oath of allegiance. Gen. Harding is an influential citizen. He has stood high in the estimation of Southern disunionists, and done much to sustain them in their war against the government."

What to do with the emancipated negro is speedily answering itself. In Maryland laborers are so scarce that it is only by abolishing slavery and encouraging European free immigration that the agriculturist can till the soil and gather his crops. There is a project on foot to send a ship from Baltimore expressly for a load of farm laborers from Great Britain and the Continent.

AS BROAD AS IT IS LONG.—A German statistical writer remarks that the invention of the sewing-machine has enabled one woman to sew as much as a hundred could sew by hand a century ago, but, he continues, one woman now demands as much clothing as a hundred did a century ago—so that the situation is not so much changed after all.

The State of Wisconsin exemplifies the wonderful and unprecedented character of the country in regard to the sources of its growth and strength. The Legislature of that State has ordered the Governor's message to be printed in eight different languages: English, German, Norwegian, Irish, Welsh, Holland, French and Bohemian. The old, vigorous Teutonic stock is largely represented there, and is contributing largely to the prosperity of the State.

THE SAINTS IGNORED.—A Doctor of Divinity in this vicinity, who has become somewhat noted for his adhesion to Ecclesiastical forms of late, recently dated several friendly notes to a brother clergyman, whose tendencies are in an opposite direction, on Saints' Days. Upon receiving a note dated Saint Thomas's day, the recipient made a reply on Monday, and dated his epistle "Washing Day."—*Boston Transcript.*

An important circular has been issued from the office of the U. S. Attorney-General. All judicial proceedings against persons properly subject to the operation of the Confiscation Act, can be arrested—unless the rights of third parties have intervened—by showing that the defendants have availed themselves in good faith of the Amnesty Proclamation, and complied with the prescribed conditions of pardon.

THE SCHOOLMASTER NEEDED.—The following advertisement was recently posted at a road-crossing in Kent Co., Del. It was copied literally by a curious collector of gems who was deluded into a journey of observation through that region:

"REWARD.—Lost or strade from the Premuse of the subScriberr, a sheepe all over white, one Leg was blakk and half his body. All pursons shall receive five dols to bring him back. He was a she goat."

A Frankfort (Ky.) correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* says that the subject of education is receiving marked attention from the Legislature of that State. As proving that teachers as well as pupils need to be looked after, the writer mentions the fact that the following notice, written by the schoolmaster, was recently posted on the door of a school-house near Frankfort:

"NOTISS.—No swarin, cursin or runnin a bowt luse or hollerin in this scul."

A RADICAL ORGANIZATION IN KENTUCKY.—A meeting of Kentucky Radicals was held in Louisville on the 9th instant, for the purpose of organizing [illegible] anti-slavery party in that State. Resolutions were a[illegible]d approving the course of Messrs. Anderson, Clay, R[illegible]dall and Smith in Congress, and establishing regulations for a grand State organization. A committee was appointed to prepare an address to the people of the State, and another to make arrangements for the Freedom Convention to be held in that city on the 22d instant.

BLOODHOUNDS.—It is related in the narrative of our officers who have escaped from Richmond that some of their number were tracked on the peninsula by the rebels with the aid of bloodhounds, and recaptured. This use of bloodhounds is a striking illustration of the peculiar ideas inculcated by slavery. The hunting of white men by dogs is no worse than the hunting of blacks, but the difference is that the whites are not used to it.

The Louisville *Journal* says: "While in prison, after planning his escape, John Morgan wrote to a lady friend in a peculiar cipher, which, when read in the usual manner, contained nothing contraband. Acting on the information thus secretly conveyed, the young lady sent John some books, in the back of one of which she concealed some greenbacks, and wrote her name across the place to indicate where the money was deposited. The money thus sent enabled Morgan to pay the expenses of his escape."

CURE FOR DEAFNESS.—A man in France has been cured of deafness by repeated visits to a chamber filled with air compressed to two atmospheres and a half. Similar cases had occurred before, and the subject is at last attracting much attention among the French as it should among American physicians. Another account says that by this treatment catarrh, asthma, and other complaints of the respiratory organs may be removed; in croup the compressed air will flatten down the adventitious membranes; and in disorders arising from weakness, compressed air will arterialize the blood, and increase the vital power of the patient.

Gen. Fremont writes to Maj.-Gen. Schenck, Chairman of the House Military Committee, that he requested to be relieved from the Army of Virginia, because he "regarded the order which reduced him to serve under Gen. Pope as an unmerited insult"; that since then he has been waiting orders; that he was once promised a command, but did not get it; that he has kept part of his staff, to have their services when he should be recalled to active service; and that he has drawn his pay, "since the close of the last session of Congress, to be applied where it might alleviate distresses resulting from the war, and it has been used accordingly."

The improvements made since we first landed on Roanoke Island two years ago are truly remarkable. Roads have been laid out, forests felled, land cleared up, houses erected, and the swamps are being wrested from the control of the reptiles who have so long reigned in them. Roanoke is being made to bloom by the industry of the blacks there gathered together.

On this island is the moat of the old fort erected by Sir Walter Raleigh. It is in the form of a star, and lies between the road and Shallow-Bag Bay. Its outline is very clear and distinct, and is well worthy of the visit of the antiquarian.—*N. C. Times.*

MARRYING AND SETTLING SOLDIERS.—A recent private letter from a member of the New York 1st Cavalry, dated at Charleston, Va., expresses great satisfaction at the position of the regiment in the Shenandoah valley, from which the writer hopes it will not be removed. He says, "Our men are so much at home, that many of them will settle in the valley after the war is over. Some thirty of them have married here, and from the courting going on among the country girls, many more will probably follow their example." The regiment went out 1400 strong, and has now 400 men fit for duty, including new men. Almost all have reënlisted. They claim to have captured more than 3,000 prisoners within two years, over 2,000 of which were rebel cavalry, and they are extremely well satisfied with their service as a portion of the army of West Virginia.—*Boston Transcript.*

NOW AND THEN—THE KENTUCKY ABOLITION CONVENTION.—About six years ago Mr. Bailey started an Abolition paper, called *The Newport News*, in Newport, Kentucky. After a brief existence the paper was summarily squelched by an uprising of citizens, who destroyed the publishing office and all its contents by fire. They also fired and destroyed the editor's dwelling, coated him over with tar and feathers, rode him on a rail through the town, and then set him down on the Ohio side of the river with orders never to return to Newport. The ringleaders in the affair were indicted in the local courts, and soon released with no heavier punishment than payment of court costs. Four of these indicted persons are now leaders of the Radical party in that portion of Kentucky, and a few days ago they "engineered" a Radical meeting in Newport, at which themselves and others were appointed delegates to the Abolition Convention which is to meet in Louisville on the 22d inst.—*St. Louis Republican.*

UNCONSCIOUS HUMORISTS.—Children are often funnier than they know. We have in our mind a certain secular sheet, some of whose editors are more or less Calvinistic in belief. One of them recently took home for his own reading a copy of Renan's Life of Jesus, in which the Savior is represented as something of a charlatan—little dreaming that it would poison by contagion the milk for the babes of the household. How was he shocked when, a few nights after his little son, who wanted to go to an evening show, and was watching painfully the falling rain, gave voice to the suggestion: "I guess Jesus Christ is only making believe to rain, to keep us at home." Another exemplary editor, associate of "the preceding," as the Cyclopædia would say, during the late frosty weather was surprised to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday school library a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you; you can't make anything of it." "I know it, papa," was the artless reply, "but I thought I could when I took it. I thought it would teach me how to slide backwards."

THE VITALITY OF FREEDOM.—That the principle of freedom in a community is superior to all physical disasters is strikingly illustrated in the history of the town of Lawrence, Kansas. Planted amid strife and tumult by enlightened, liberty-loving men, Lawrence has gone steadily forward, overcoming obstacles, surmounting all accidents, and though three times burned, and times without number exposed to border-ruffian violence, its people massacred, its houses pillaged, its business prostrated, it stands to-day before the country hopeful and prosperous, defying all the powers of evil, with its old love of liberty burning more brightly than ever. The growth of the town since the Quantrel massacre has been especially wonderful; it seems to have taken on new strength from that horrible blow. A recent letter says that more than two hundred buildings have been erected since and adds that as many more will be put up during the coming Spring and Summer. Massachusetts street, on which, probably on account of its name, the fury of Quantrel's guerillas was chiefly expended, and on which they left scarcely a building, is now lined again with handsome brick and stone blocks, and presents a constant scene of activity and prosperous growth. In point of importance and extent of trade, Lawrence is to-day the second city in wealth and importance in Kansas.—*Evening Post.*

A NEW WAY OF EXPRESSING CONTEMPT.—There must have been a remarkable change of opinion in Bradford County, Pennsylvania, within a few years. Not long ago, when the Bank of Pottstown issued its five-dollar notes, James Buchanan was so popular there that his portrait was engraved upon one corner of the bill, and nobody thought of defacing it in the remarkable style that has prevailed since the beginning of the war. A banker who is a curiosity-hunter, has shown us a bundle of thirty-eight of these five-dollar notes, in twenty of which the word "Traitor" is written across Buchanan's forehead; in others the letter "T" is branded; on one the following words appear: "Give him his deserts"; on another is written, "Ye ould divil," and still another bears this inscription: "False to his country and his God, but true to the Democratic party." Some ingenious individuals, at a loss to express their contempt in words, resort to symbols; one has drawn a copper-head-snake, wriggling in the mouth of Buchanan, another decorates the head with a cap and bells, and a third encloses the neck within a noose which is attached to a gibbet. These curious methods of indicating contempt are not of a very high order, but they show how Mr. Buchanan is now regarded in that part of Pennsylvania in which he was once so great a favorite.—*Eve. Post.*

COTTON SUPPLY.—The leaders of the slaveholders' rebellion predicated their expectations of European intervention upon the supposition that the necessities of consumers of cotton would drive their governments into active measures to procure it from the Southern States. A carefully prepared article in the Manchester (Eng.) *Examiner* of the 20th ultimo, goes to show that the productions of the staple, in other countries than the Southern States, has been so far stimulated by high prices the ordinary laws which govern supply and demand, and that the quantity likely to flow into the British markets the present year will probably equal the total import there from all countries, including the United States, in 1857.

It is estimated, by a concurrence of several authorities, that the import of cotton into Great Britain in 1864 will reach the total of 2,786,000 bales, weighing 976 million of pounds, or stating a bale at 400 pounds, equal to 2,440,000 bales, at the old standard. In 1856, the quantity imported, including American, was 2,552,700 bales; in 1857, 2,440,000 bales—both larger totals than any before reached. It now seems that Great Britain, at least, can dispense with the bulk of the American supply, and still count, with a great degree of certainty, upon receiving as much cotton as she did in 1857, or in any previous year, except 1856. The laws of trade, as well as the laws of the United States, are too strong for the rebels to contend against, with any hope of ultimate success. It is most likely that the Lancashire cotton operatives will find employment in the manufacture of the expected cotton for at least four and a half days per week.—*Boston Transcript.*

### DIED.

CAPRON.—In Williamsport, Pa., on the 16th instant, of pneumonia, REBECCA, M. C., wife of E. W. Capron and daughter of Griffith M. Cooper, aged 39 years, 1 month and 5 days.

## Special Notices.

PARKER PILLSBURY of New Hampshire will deliver a discourse on "THE WAR AND THE WAY OUT OF IT" at Shiloh Presbyterian Church (Dr. Garnet's), corner of Prince and Marion streets, Sunday evening, Feb. 28th.

THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.—The sixth Lecture of the Course of the Church of the Puritans will be delivered by STEPHEN S. FOSTER of Massachusetts, on Wednesday evening, March 2d. Subject—"RECONSTRUCTION AND THE PRESIDENT."

WOMEN'S NATIONAL LEAGUE.—The regular meeting of the League will be held at 3½ o'clock, Friday afternoon of each week, at their Office, Room 20 Cooper Institute.

Members and all persons interested in the work of the League—viz.: rolling up a mammoth petition asking the present Congress to enact a law of Immediate and Universal Emancipation—are invited to attend.

Office hours of the League from 10 to 4 each day.

AARON M. POWELL will lecture at
Johnsonville, N. Y., Saturday, Feb. 27.
Hoosick, N. Y., Sunday afternoon, Feb. 28.
West Hoosick, N. Y., Sunday evening, Feb. 28.
Pittstown Corners, N. Y., Monday, Feb. 29.
Subject—"THE NEW UNION."

## Advertisements.

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THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES. Language of Blue Eyes, Black Eyes, Brown Eyes, Hazel Eyes, Gray Eyes, Green Eyes, Children's Eyes, and the Eyes of Celebrated Persons—Poetry of the Eyes—
The bright black eye, the melting blue,
I can not choose between the two:
*But that is dearest all the while,*
*Which wears for us the sweetest smile:*
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# Miscellaneous Department.

## TAKE NO STEP BACKWARD.

EARNESTLY INSCRIBED TO THE THIRTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

I.

TAKE no step backward! The eternal Ages
  Look down upon you from their heights sublime,
And witness the events which History's pages
  Shall class among the noblest of all time.
Right onward now the path of duty [illegible],
  Though it may lead to dangers that appall.
"Right onward! onward!" Justice sternly crieth,
  And Mercy joins with Justice in the call.

II.

Take no step backward! Centuries of oppression
  Are culminating 'midst our Nation's throes;
And wrong that might have stood, with fair concession,
  Yields to the force of self-inflicted blows.
The hand grown horny in the life-long labor
  That clothed and pampered those who held it bound,
Now grasps the gun, or wields the flashing sabre,
  And wins and wears its honors on the ground.

III.

Take no step backward! Contraband, or chattel,
  Or slave, or "person"—what you will—*they're men;*
And if *we* stand or fall in this dread battle,
  GOD leads the bondman from his thrall again.
The pillar of a cloud by day is hazing
  The atmosphere where'er the battles lie:
The pillar of a fire by night is blazing
  Where conflagration paints you Southern skies.

IV.

Take no step backward! Ye have sorely smitten,
  At hip and thigh, the Evil and the Wrong.
What ye have said, now verify! what written,
  Seal with the seal of action, broad and strong.
Be not alarmed at apparitions dire
  Of flaming swords that hurtle into view:
The element that purifies is fire:
  Pass firmly in, and resolutely through.

V.

Take no step backward! Ye, whom God now uses
  To solve the problems of Man's destiny,
To rectify his wrongs, right his abuses,
  The grand accomplishment ye may not see:
But in the future—in the years of glory
  That peace restored shall bring our land again—
Your names shall glitter in the noblest story
  That celebrates the deeds of noblest men.

Kentucky, Jan. 8, 1864. W. D. G.

—*Tribune.*

## *THE ESCAPE FROM THE LIBBY PRISON.*

AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

From The Washington Star, Feb. 18.

A LARGE number of the officers who escaped from Libby Prison a few days ago arrived in this city last night, and are stopping at the National and Metropolitan Hotels, and from them we gather very interesting statements relative to their manner of escape.

Over two months ago, the officers confined in Libby Prison conceived the idea of effecting their own exchange, and after the matter had been seriously discussed by some seven or eight of them, they undertook to dig for a distance toward a sewer running into the basin. This they proposed doing by commencing at a point in the cellar, near a chimney. This cellar was immediately under the hospital, and was the receptacle for refuse straw, thrown from the beds when they were changed, and for other refuse matter. Above the hospital was a room for officers, and above that yet another room. The chimney ran through all these rooms, and the prisoners, who were in the secret, improvised a rope, and night after night let working parties down, who successfully prosecuted their excavating operations.

The dirt was hid under the straw and other refuse matter in the cellar, and it was trampled down so as not to present too great a bulk. When the working party had got to a considerable distance underground, it was found difficult to haul the dirt back by hand, and a spittoon, which had been furnished by the officers in one of the rooms, was made to serve the purpose of a cart. A string was attached to it and it was run in the tunnel, and as soon as filled was drawn out, and the dirt deposited under the straw. But, after hard work, and digging with finger-nails, knives, and chisels, a number of feet, the working party found themselves stopped by piles driven in the ground. These were at least a foot in diameter. But they were not discouraged. Penknives, or any other articles that would cut, were called for; and, after chipping, chipping, chipping, for a long time, the piles were severed, and the tunnellers commenced again, and in a few moments reached the sewer.

But, here an unexpected obstacle met their further progress. The stench from the sewers, and the flow of filthy water was so great that one of the party fainted, and was dragged out more dead than alive, and the project in that direction had to be abandoned. The failure was communicated to a few others beside those who had first thought of escape, and then a party of 17, after viewing the premises and surroundings, concluded to tunnel under Carey street. On the opposite side of this street from the prison was a sort of carriage-house or outhouse, and the project was to dig under the street and emerge from under or near the house. There was a high fence around it, and the guard was outside of this fence. The prisoners then commenced to dig at the other side of the chimney, and after a few handsful of dirt had been removed, they found themselves stopped by a stone-wall, which proved afterwards to be three feet thick. The party were by no means undaunted, and with penknives and pocket-knives, they commenced operations upon the stone and mortar.

After nineteen days and nights' hard work, they again struck the earth beyond the wall and pushed their work forward. Here, too (after they had got some distance under ground), the friendly spittoon was brought into requisition, and the dirt was hauled out in small quantities. After digging for some days the question arose whether they had not reached the point aimed at, and in order to if possible test the matter, Capt. Gallagher of the 2d Ohio regiment pretended that he had a box in the carriage-house over the way, and desired to search it out. This carriage-house, it is proper to state, was used as a receptacle for boxes and goods sent to prisoners from the North, and the recipients were often allowed to go, under guard, across the street to secure their property. Capt. Gallagher was granted permission to go there, and as he walked across under guard, he, as well as he could, paced off the distance, and concluded that the street was about 50 feet wide.

On the 6th or 7th of February the working party supposed they had gone a sufficient distance, and commenced to dig upward. When near the surface they heard the rebel guards talking above them, and discovered they were some two or three feet yet outside the fence.

The displacing of a stone made considerable noise and one of the sentinels called to his comrade and asked him what the noise meant. The guards, after listening a few minutes, concluded that nothing was wrong, and returned to their beats. This hole was stopped up by inserting into the crevice a pair of old pantaloons filled with straw, and by bolstering the whole up with boards, which they secured from the floors, etc., of the prison.

The tunnel was then continued some six or seven feet more, and when the working party supposed they were about ready to emerge to daylight, others in the prison were informed that there was a way now open for escape. One hundred and nine of the prisoners decided to make the attempt to get away. Others refused, fearing the consequences if they were recaptured; and others yet (among whom were Gen. Neal Dow) declined to make the attempt because (as they said) they did not desire to have their government back down from its enunciated policy of exchange. Col. Rose, of New York, Col. Kendrick, of Tenn., Capt. Jones, Lieut. Bradford, and others, informed Gen. Dow that they could not see how making their escape would affect the policy of exchange. Their principle was that it was their personal right to escape if they could, and their duty to their government to make the attempt.

About 8½ o'clock on the evening of the 9th, the prisoners started out, Col. Rose of New York, leading the van. Before starting, the prisoners had divided themselves into squads of two, three, and four, and each squad was to take a different route, and after they were out were to push for the Union lines as fast as possible. It was the understanding that the working party was to have an hour's start of the other prisoners, and, consequently the rope ladder in the cellar was drawn out. Before the expiration of the hour, however, the other prisoners became impatient, and were let down through the chimney successfully into the cellar.

Col. W. P. Kendrick of West Tennessee, Capt. D. J. Jones of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and Lieut. R. Y. Bradford of the 2d West Tennessee, were detailed as a rear guard, or rather to go out last; and from a window Col. K. and his companions could see the fugitives walk out of a gate at the other end of the inclosure of the carriage-house, and fearlessly move off. The aperture was so narrow that but one man could get through at a time, and each squad carried with them provisions in a haversack. At midnight a false alarm was created, and the prisoners made considerable noise in getting to their respective quarters. Providentially, however, the guard suspected nothing wrong, and in a few moments the exodus was again commenced. Col. Kendrick and his companions looked with some trepidation upon the movements of the fugitives, as some of them, exercising but little discretion, moved boldly out on the inclosure into the glare of the gas-light. Many of them were, however, in citizen's dress, and as all the rebel guards wear the United States uniform, but little suspicion could be excited, even if the fugitives had been accosted by a guard.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock the lamps were extinguished in the streets, and then the exit was more safely accomplished. There were many officers who desired to leave, who were so weak and feeble that they were dragged through the tunnel by main force and carried to places of safety, until such time as they would be able to move on their journey. At 2½ o'clock, Capt. Jones, Col. Kendrick, and Lieut. Bradford passed out in the order in which they are named, and as Col. K. emerged from the hole he heard the guard within a few feet of him sing out, "Post No. 7, half-past two in the morning and all's well." Col. K. says he could hardly resist the temptation of saying: "Not so well as you think, except for the Yanks." Lieut. Bradford was intrusted with the provisions for this squad, and in getting through he was obliged to leave his haversack behind him, as he could not get through with it upon him.

Once out, they proceeded up the street, keeping in the shade of the buildings, and passed eastwardly through the city.

A description of the route pursued by this party and of the tribulations through which they passed will give some idea of the rough time they all had of it. Col. Kendrick had before leaving the prison mapped out his course, and concluded that the best route to take was the one toward Norfolk or Fortress Monroe, as there were fewer rebel pickets in that direction. They therefore kept the York River Railroad to the left and moved toward the Chickahominy River. The passed through Boar Swamp and crossed the road leading to Bottom Bridge. Sometimes they waded through mud and water almost up to their necks, and kept the Bottom Bridge road to their left, although at times they could see and hear the cars travelling over the York River Road.

While passing through the swamp near the Chickahominy, Col. Kendrick sprained his ankle and fell. Fortunate, too, was that fall for him and his party, for while he was lying there one of them chanced to look up, and saw in a direct line with them a swamp bridge, and in the dim outline they could perceive that parties with muskets were passing over the bridge. They therefore moved some distance to the south, and after passing through more of the swamp, reached the Chickahominy about four miles below Bottom Bridge. Here now was a difficulty. The river was only twenty feet wide, but it was very deep, and the refugees were worn out and fatigued. Chancing, however, to look up, Lieut. Bradford saw that two trees had fallen on either side of the river, and that their branches were interlocked. By crawling up one tree and down the other, the fugitives reached the east bank of the Chickahominy, and Col. Kendrick could not help remarking that he believed Providence was on their side, else they would not have met that Natural Bridge.

They subsequently learned from a friendly negro that, had they crossed the bridge they had seen they would assuredly have been recaptured, for Capt. Turner, the keeper of Libby Prison, had been out and posted guards there, and in fact had alarmed the whole country, and got the people up as a vigilance committee to capture the escaped prisoners.

After crossing over this natural bridge they laid down on the ground and slept until sunrise on the morning of the 11th, when they continued on their way, keeping eastwardly as near as they could. Up to this time they had had nothing to eat, and were almost famished. About noon of the 11th they met several negroes, who gave them information as to the whereabout of the rebel pickets, and furnished them with food.

Acting under the advice of these friendly negroes, they remained quietly in the woods until darkness had set in, when they were furnished with a comfortable supper by the negroes, and after dark proceeded on their way, the negroes (who everywhere showed their friendship to the fugitives) having first directed them how to avoid the rebel pickets. That night they passed a camp of rebels, and could plainly see the smoke and camp fires. But their wearied feet gave out, and they were compelled to stop and rest, having only marched five miles that day.

They started again at daylight on the 13th, and after moving awhile through the woods they saw a negro woman working in a field and called her to them, and from her received directions, and were told that the rebel pickets had been about there looking for the fugitives from Libby. Here they laid low again, and resumed their journey when darkness set in, and marched five miles, but halted until the morning of the 14th, when the journey was resumed.

At one point they met a negro in the field, and she told them that her mistress was a secesh woman, and that she had a son in the rebel army. The party, however, were exceedingly hungry, and they determined to secure some food. This they did by boldly approaching the house and informing the mistress that they were fugitives from Norfolk, who had been driven out by Butler; and the secesh sympathies of the woman were at once aroused, and she gave them of her substance, and started them on their way with direction how to avoid the Yankee soldiers, who occasionally scouted in that vicinity. This information was exceedingly valuable to the refugees, for by it they discovered the whereabout of the Union forces.

When about fifteen miles from Williamsburg, the party came upon the main road, and found the tracks of a large body of cavalry. A piece of paper found by Capt. Jones satisfied him that they were Union cavalry; but his companions were suspicious, and avoided the road and moved forward, and at the "Burnt Ordinary" (about 10 miles from Williamsburg) awaited the return of the cavalry that had moved up the road, and from behind a fence corner where they were secreted, the fugitives saw the flag of the Union, supported by a squadron of cavalry, which proved to be a detachment of Col. Spear's 11th Pennsylvania regiment, sent out for the purpose of picking up escaped prisoners. Col. Kendrick says his feelings at seeing the old flag are indescribable.

The party rode into Williamsburg with the cavalry, where they were quartered for the night, and where they found eleven others who had escaped safely. Col. Spear and his command furnished the officers with clothing and other necessaries.

At all points along the route the fugitives describe their reception by the negroes as most enthusiastic, and there was no lack of white people who sympathized with them and helped them on their way.

From these officers we learn that there is a widespread Union feeling in Richmond. Jeff. Davis is held in detestation, but all who do not heartily indorse the rebel government are spotted and watched. There are at this time eighteen persons confined in Castle Thunder on charge of attempts to assassinate the rebel President. These prisoners also confirm the report that an attempt was made to burn Jeff.'s mansion, and that one morning his servants found a coffin upon his porch.

In their escape the officers were aided by citizens of Richmond—not foreigners or the poor classes only, but by natives and persons of wealth. They know their friends there, but very properly withhold any mention of their names. Of those who got out of Libby there were a number of sick ones, who were cared for by Union people, and will eventually reach the Union lines through their aid.

The officers also report the fact that some time ago, through the aid of citizens, they obtained communication [illegible] soldiers on Belle Island, and there was to [illegible] certed movement to escape. The soldiers h[illegible] furnished with arms, which they had secrete[illegible] ficers at Libby were to secure the guards [illegible] act in concert with the Belle Island men; b[illegible] the affair was ready to be carried into exe[illegible] e project was exposed. Suspicion at once r[illegible] n a certain Union Lieutenant-Colonel, who [illegible] vor with the rebel authorities, had the freed[illegible] city, and moved about at will in the hospit[illegible] elsewhere. He had been suspected for some time, and one day was accused of exposing the affair.

The indignation of the officers whose plans had thus been thwarted through the perfidy of (as they believed) one of their number, cannot be described. Some cried out, "Hang him! hang him!" one ran to his blanket, and tearing it in strips, said he had a rope ready; and others were in favor of pitching the fellow out of the window and letting his brains bespatter the pavement below. Wiser counsels, however, prevailed, and it was concluded that it was better to let the traitor live, and report him to his government, if opportunity ever offered. The Lieutenant-Colonel, we understand, will be reported to the War Office. His excuse is that he informed a Union officer in the hospital of the attempted escape, and that a rebel officer overheard the conversation.

These prisoners confirm in every particular the statements heretofore made of the treatment of Federal prisoners there. The rations of the officers were about the same as those of the rebel privates, but our privates on Belle Island did not fare so well. As long as the boxes sent from friends at the North were delivered, they lived as well as could be expected under the circumstances. Those who had money were allowed to send out and get what they wanted, by paying three times more than Richmond prices, the profits going into the pockets of the officers of the prison. In other respects the treatment was quite harsh.

When a prisoner entered the prison, any articles found upon him that were fancied by the rebel officers or guards were taken possession of; they pretended the money and articles were deposited with the quartermaster.

The sleeping accommodations were very poor, and the only place they had to exercise their limbs in was the dining-room. For a while the officers were not furnished with meat at all, and at one time they received flesh which was [illegible] by those among the officers who knew something of butchering as being mule meat, as they know of no [illegible] used for food which had bones like [illegible] in the meat.

The privates on Belle Island, it is unquestioned, have eaten dogs; in fact, were obliged to do it in order to sustain life.

On the boat coming up from Fortress Monroe yesterday, the officers had a meeting, which was presided over by Col. W. P. Kendrick of the 3d West Tennessee Cavalry, and at which Col. West of the 4th Wisconsin acted as Secretary, and the following card was unanimously adopted:

"The undersigned, officers of the United States army, and recently prisoners of war, desire to express their deep gratitude to Major-Gen. Butler, Brig.-Gen. Wistar, Col. West of the 1st Regiment Pennsylvania Artillery, and the gallant officers and men of the 11th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and the 1st New York Mounted Rifles, for their effective assistance in completing our escape from the rebel Libby Prison at Richmond and the lines of pickets and bloodhounds of the rebel army, and also for the many acts of kindness so gracefully tendered us in our present time of need.

"We desire also, in common with every loyal heart in the Union, to tender to Major-Gen. Butler our high appreciation of his prompt and extensive efforts to aid our comrades who are yet in the rebel lines attempting to elude their vigilance and make good their escape from that prison of refined cruelty and slow death."

This is signed by the following officers, who are all at this time in this city:

Wm. B. McCreery, Col. 21st Mich. inf.
W. P. Kendrick, Col. 3d West Tenn. cav.
Alexander Theobold Von Wizel, Lieut.-Col. 74th Pa. vol. inf.
Geo. C. Davis, Lieut.-Col. 4th Maine vol. inf.
J. F. Boyd, Lieut.-Col. and Quartermaster vols.
T. S. West, Lieut.-Col. 24th Wis. vol. inf.
H. C. Hobart, Lieut.-Col. 21st Wis. vol. inf.
J. P. Collins, Major 29th Ind. inf.
G. R. Fitzsimmons, Major 3[illegible] Ind. vols.
J. F. Gallaher, Capt. Co. B, 2d Ohio vol. inf.
Matt Boyd, Capt. 73[illegible] Ind.
A. G. Hamilton, Capt. Co. A, 12th Ky. cav.
I. N. Johnston, Capt. Co. H, 6[illegible] Ky. vol. inf.
W. S. B. Randall, Capt. Co. C, 2d Ohio inf.
Michael Gallagher, Capt. 2d N. J. cav.
Morton Tower, Capt. 13[illegible] Mass. vols.
D. J. Jones, Capt. 1st Ky. inf.
S. C. Bose, Capt. 4th Mo. cav.
T. Clark, Capt. 79th Ill. inf.
Albert Wallber, 1st Lieut. 26th Wis.
John C. Fislar, 1st Lieut. 7th Ind. bat.
Wm. Reynolds, 1st Lieut. 73d Ind vols.
James M. Wells, Lieut. Co. F, 8th Mich. vol. cav.
L. P. Williams, Lieut. 73d Ind. vol.
N. J. McKeen, Lieut. Co. H, 21st Ill.

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

## THE SENTENCE.

WE see her fallen; but do not see
  If, striving bravely still, she fell;
And what temptation came to her
  No mortal but herself can tell.

And she was weak, and sin is strong;
  Yet still, she had not come so low,
But for the secret treachery
  Of one she never deemed her foe.

While fearfully assailed without,
  Her unsuspected heart within
Turned traitor to her soul, and made
  An awful covenant with sin.

Yet when that weak and shrinking heart
  Before her conscience stood reproved,
And, with no "Innocence" to plead,
  Said, "I have sinned, but I have loved";

Then judgment, weighing evidence,
  Pronounced the sentence in reply:
"Guilty! but recommended yet
  Strongly to mercy from on high."

PHŒBE CARY.

## *LETTER FROM L. MARIA CHILD.*

DEAR FRIEND: You ask how the Reception went off this year. I went into the city too late to have anything to do with the business arrangements, and for all therewith connected I refer you to the official report. Attending the meeting merely as a guest, I found it a pleasant opportunity to take old friends by the hand, and say God bless you to the tried and true men and women, who stood steadfastly by our side in the days of mobs and brickbats. Many of this heroic band have passed over Jordan, and at every yearly gathering I miss some familiar face. This occasion was saddened by the sudden illness of Mrs. Garrison, whose handsome, motherly, genial countenance and kindly ways have always been one of the greatest attractions of the scene.

My heart leaped up at the sight of John G. Whittier, who rarely makes his appearance in public. Time and ill-health have left their marks upon him since he first became the Poet Laureate of the persecuted and the proscribed; but his glowing eyes are now, as ever, lighted by that sacred fire which the vestals Truth and Freedom keep burning on the altar of his soul. I love and reverence him above all the poets of the land; for he has not used his divine gift merely to "entertain fair, well-spoken days," but bravely and fervently he has sounded the trumpet for the rescue of the helpless and the wronged. This fidelity to conscience has kept his soul alive, and the poems of his later years are even more richly illuminated by moral and pictorial beauty than the admirable poems of his youth.

Another face which called up a host of anti-slavery memories was that of Theodore D. Weld. When I first heard him, he was fresh from Lane Seminary, glowing with indignation at the suppression of free speech there, strong with the vigor of intellect and the earnestness of youth. His hair and beard are whitened now, but he is strong and earnest still. In fact, I can generally recognize those who early consecrated themselves to anti-slavery work. I know them by their honest, thoughtful countenances, by their cordial grasp of the hand, by their bold, straightforward utterance, indicating souls incapable of indirectness. With all their imperfections, they are the noblest specimens of humanity it has been my lot to meet in this earthly pilgrimage.

New anti-slavery friends are becoming as plenty as roses in June. Sometimes, when they tell me they have always been anti-slavery, I smile inwardly, but I do not contradict the assertion; I merely marvel at their power of keeeping a secret so long! I was introduced to divers strangers who rejoiced over their recent conversion. One lady from Tennessee told me she had considered me a most misguided and mischievous woman; she had found it difficult to conceive how any persons in their senses could respect John Brown. "But now," said she, "my views on this subject have become entirely changed. I had lived in the midst of slavery without knowing anything about it; but when circumstances compelled me to observe, I found that shameful and cruel things, of which I was quite unconscious, had been going on all around me; and I now detest the system of slavery as sincerely as you do."

One of the most interesting individuals I met at the reception was Edmonia Lewis, a colored girl about twenty years of age, who is devoting herself to sculpture. Her frank, intelligent countenance and modest manners prepossessed me in her favor. I told her I judged by her complexion that there might be some of what was called white blood in her veins. She replied, "No; I have not a single drop of what is called white blood in my veins. My father was a full-blooded negro, and my mother was a full-blooded Chippewa." "But it is a long way from the Chippewas to sculpture," said I. "How came you to get upon that road?" "I don't know," she replied. "My mother was always inventing new patterns for moccasons, and other embroidery; and perhaps the same thing is coming out in me in a more civilized form." "And have you lived with the Chippewas?" "Yes. When my mother was dying, she wanted me to promise that I would live three years with her people, and I did." "And what did you do while you were there?" "I did as my mother's people did. I made baskets and embroidered moccasons, and I went into the cities with my mother's people to sell them." "And did you like that kind of life?" "Oh, yes; I liked it a great deal better than I do your civilized life. There is nothing so beautiful as the free forest. To catch a fish when you are hungry, cut the boughs of a tree, make a fire to roast it, and eat it in the open air, is the greatest of all luxuries. I would not stay a week pent up in cities, if it were not for my passion for art." "But, surely," said I, "you have had some other education than that you received among your mother's people, for your language indicates it." "I have a brother," she replied, "who went to California, and dug gold. When I had been three years with our mother's people, he came to me and said, 'Edmonia, I don't want you to stay here always. I want you to have some education.' He placed me at school in Oberlin. I staid there two years, and then he brought me to Boston, as the best place for me to learn to be a sculptor. I went to Mr. Brackett for advice; for I thought the man who made a bust of John Brown must be a friend to my people. Mr. Brackett has been very kind to me."

She wanted me to go to her room to see her first bust, copied from a head of Voltaire. "I don't want you to go to praise me," she said; "for I know praise is not good for me. Some praise me because I am a colored girl, and I don't want that kind of praise. I had rather you would [illegible], for that will teach me something."

This modesty and good sense prepossessed me greatly in her favor. I was agreeably surprised when I saw the bust, for it had a great deal of life and expression. She has also made a very clever medallion from Brackett's bust of John Brown. Whether she will prove to have any portion of creative genius time will show; but she seems to possess a native talent which is capable of being developed fairly by industry and perseverance.

Of the speaking at the Reception, I can tell you little, for I was so much interrupted that I could not hear it well. The eloquent voice of Wendell Phillips spoke, as usual, rather in warning than in triumph. It is his mission, and we need it; for Satan has no snares more dangerous than the craft of politicians. Our fathers of '76 fought a brave fight for Freedom, and then consented to a compromise which poisoned the life-blood of their new republic. Undoubtedly, we are in great danger of repeating the same experiment.

Abraham Lincoln is "a slow coach," and I have often been out of patience with him; but, after all, it seems to me he was the very best man that the moral condition of the American people admitted of being elected. He has, moreover, continually done better than he promised. When I said this to Mr. Emerson, he replied, "Yes, the election of Lincoln was a verification of the old fable of putting the hand into a bag full of snakes, and drawing out the one eel it contained."

But I confess to having all along painfully felt a want of moral grandeur in the process of emancipation now going on. God is accomplishing a great work by the meanest tools. It is as Mr. Phillips said: Northern politicians have resorted to it as a war of necessity, and Southern Unionists have consented to it as the only means of avoiding the total loss of their human chattels. None of them say, "The black man has been wronged; give him his rights." The voice of Wendell Phillips is needed constantly in rebuke and warning; for the number who sincerely and heartily acknowledge the equality of races is still very small.

One of the pleasantest incidents of the evening was the reading of a letter from Gen. Butler. Gen. Great-heart I call him. Two years ago, I should not have thought it possible I could admire him; but I do admire him heartily. There has been no sneaking in his conversion. He has obeyed the old maxim, "Speak the truth and shame the Devil!" And he has in reality made him very *much* ashamed, and still more provoked.

What more shall I say about the Reception? The Virginian coat of arms, with its well-known motto, seemed to have a new significance since the proclamation of Emancipation. The music was lively and spirit-stirring, and the soul of old John Brown seemed marching through its tones. People gave liberally, and said the occasion was a pleasant one.

Where shall we be by this time next year? Not in the mire of compromise, I hope and trust.

Yours as ever for the righteous cause,
L. MARIA CHILD.

## UNDER THE RIVER.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

THOU blue Potomac, gently flow!
  Committed to thy keeping,
With heart that quailed not 'neath the foe,
  My Loved and Lost is sleeping.
Ye little waves that kiss the light,
  Upspringing in your gladness,
I have a tale to tell to-night
  Should tame ye all to sadness.
    But grief may come and grief may go,
      And hearts meet, and hearts sever;
    The sun shines on, the streams still flow,
      And so 'twill be forever.

Yet thou blue river, as I sit
  And muse beside thee sadly,
I cannot bear that thou shouldst yet
  Smile on so warm and gladly.
I think of dear eyes that met mine,
  Brave eyes, that smiled at parting;
Ah me! they've lost their gentle shine,
  And tears in mine are starting.
    But grief may come, and grief may go,
      And hearts meet, and hearts sever;
    The sun shines on, the streams still flow,
      And so 'twill be forever.

Well, sparkle on; it boots not now;
  *He* heeds not—should *I* mind it?
But oh, lave gently his cold brow,
  Ye little waves that find it.
Kiss his white lips as once I prest
  My kisses warm and glowing,
And murmur gently round his rest,
  Ye bright waves brightly flowing.
    But grief may come, and grief may go,
      And hearts meet, and hearts sever;
    The sun shines on, the streams still flow,
      And so 'twill be forever.

Fitchburg, Mass. —*Independent.*

## *THE OLD PLANTATIONS OF LOUISIANA.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY AND ITS OCCUPANTS—THE CULTIVATION AND PRODUCTION OF SUGAR—THE PLANTATIONS WORKED BY GOVERNMENT.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

THE old plantations along the line of the New Orleans and Opoloussas Railroad, and down by the banks of the Bayous La Fouche, Black and Penchan, as your readers probably know, are in the old French Parishes of Jefferson, St. Charles, La Fourche, and Terrebonne, and many of them have been under cultivation for more than one hundred years. On these old estates, baronial in extent, with mansions princely in size and adornments, and far surpassing any to be found in the valleys of Virginia or on the sea islands of South Carolina, you still hear the French language spoken; you still see the dark eye of the Gallic race, and not unfrequently, different as the products of the respective soils may be, the same kind of agricultural implements which have so long been used in Lower Canada.

New England and the new manufacturing towns of the West have not yet scattered their infinite variety of farming utensils in these broad savannahs of Louisiana. And yet the steam-engine is here on almost every plantation. But I am anticipating.

Leaving New Orleans on a morning as bright and soft as a day in Midsummer at the North, we took ferry at the foot of Canal street, and in a few moments were in Algiers, on the opposite side of the river, the starting-point of the New Orleans and Opelousas Railroad. This road is now completed to Opelousas, but the National forces not having entire possession of it, the trains run only to Franklin, at present the point of our most advanced front on this line.

The road is but a link in the grand chain which will ultimately thread its way through this State and Texas, and open up some of the finest land to the soldier, the emigrant, and the Northern farmers, seeking a more genial clime than the bleak prairies of Illinois, where, as we read, whole families have been frozen by the severity of the Winter.

The stock of the road is mainly held by planters, whose estates touch it on either side, and, although no dividends have been declared, is considered valuable, and, when held by loyal men, difficult to purchase.

Before the war, the local trade was very heavy—immense quantities of sugar, molasses, and cotton being transported over it to the great market in New Orleans. Even now the track, the depot buildings, the water tanks, and the machine shops, indicate former thrift and prosperity. Although the road is now one of the many "United States Military Railroads," the cars, both freight and passenger, are first-class, and infinitely superior to those on the military roads in Virginia. Any time within the past two years it has been about as much as one's life was worth to journey over the Orange and Alexandria Railroad in Virginia as far as Culpepper, but on this road you can ride a greater distance, through a district still infested with rebels, as comfortably and as securely as you can through the heart of the State of New York.

Comfortably seated in the cars, we found more than one-half the passengers, male and female, jabbering French, and not a few of the soldiers and officers who have been here since the occupation of the city by Gen. Butler, engaged in conversation with them—the officers, of course, with the fair Creoles they were so fortunate as to be seated beside. All the passengers seemed to be upon the best terms with each other, and, whether in broken English or broken French, endeavored to manifest good will, a desire to be conciliatory, and to avoid the irritating questions of the war and the policy of the Administration.

But leaving the young officers and soldiers chatting and eating oranges with the coquettish creoles, let us look out upon the plantations we are swiftly gliding by. For the first twenty miles the road runs in sight, and but a few miles back from the Mississippi, and passes directly through some magnificent sugar plantations—magnificent before the war, but now in many instances tenantless, fenceless, and desolate. The mansions, surrounded with orange groves and with superb shade trees of the live oak and the cypress, are still there, and the long rows of negro dwellings, far superior to the huts and cabins of Virginia and South Carolina, with their whitewashed sides still glisten in the sun, and looking not unlike some neat little village on some Western prairie, clustered around the Court-House square. Indeed, all of these plantations are so large, the mansions so princely, and the negro-houses so numerous, that as you whirl by them in the cars it is difficult to realize that you are not passing village after village as you would at the North. But the proud occupants of these princely estates are gone. What they look like as you pass by them in the cars they are rapidly becoming.

New England farmers are making them New England villages. The school-house and the church for the first time since these bayous were diked and these vast deltas reclaimed from the Father of Waters and the Gulf, are becoming permanent institutions. In a few years where now you see but a platform along side of the road for the accommodation of the hogsheads of sugar and the bales of cotton—the crop of the planter through whose estate the road runs—villages will rise as numerous and thriving as along the great Central Road of Illinois.

Indeed, when this war is closed, and these great plantations are divided up and sold to the soldiers, the sailors and the German emigrants who will flock to these Southern States, Illinois, great as she is, and destined to be much greater, must look out for her laurels. Louisiana could and should have been the wealthiest State in the Union, and when Northern industry and enterprise have drained all these swamps and diked all these bayous, no State in the Union can surpass her in the fertility of her soil or in the healthfulness of her climate.

Twenty miles from New Orleans we leave the Mississippi, and on one side pass immense cypress swamps, with trees rising to the hight of 100 feet without a limb, and then only putting forth something that slightly resembles a branch, for so covered is it with Spanish moss, and so lifeless and leafless that it might be called almost anything else.

On the right hand side of the road and to the north, you again have the sugar plantations, but with a darker, richer soil, with mansions more modern in their style of architecture, and with sugar-houses covered with slate instead of tile.

These plantations have but recently been reclaimed from the swamps and although not the most healthful localities in the world, are of course much more fertile than those nearer the Mississippi and which have been under cultivation for more than a century. A hogshead of sugar, of 1,200 pounds, is considered an average crop, and not unfrequently ten hogsheads have been raised per the acre. One barrel and a half of molasses to a hogshead of sugar must also be placed to the credit of the yield per acre. Before the war, these plantations could not be purchased for one hundred dollars per acre, and with negroes at one thousand dollars per head and sugar but three cents a pound and with sugar mills erected at an expense of from forty to one hundred thousand dollars, in but ordinary seasons, yielded very handsome profits.

The negro now is out of the estimate, except so far as food, clothing and wages are concerned. The interest on his former value cannot be taken into account. But eight dollars per month for first-class hands will amount to quite as much as the former interest, and the cost of cultivating sugar under the new system will be quite as great as under the old if they perform only the same amount of labor. But in South Carolina it has been found by actual experience that the negro, when well fed, clothed, and promptly paid, will perform one-third more labor than under the system of slavery. By giving him, too, a greater variety of food, you give him better blood, more solid flesh, tougher muscles, and the strength to perform more labor. The negro needs something beside "hog and hominy" to perform what would be called a good day's work at the North.

Having a desire to visit some of these plantations we left the railroad at a small station called Figoeville on Bayou Black. By appointment, here we found an overseer of a large plantation with three Mexican ponies, saddled, awaiting us. As these Mexican ponies and their equipments are rather peculiar, it may interest you to know how respectable people ride over their plantations now under Yankee management. We have all heard a great deal about the fine blooded stock Southern planters were wont to boast of. What kind of "blood" they may have had on their plantations before the war, I am not able to inform you, but the class of animals we had the pleasure to ride upon last Sunday can be faithfully described.

They were simply broken-down Mexican ponies, spavined, foundered and blind, and with ribs so prominent and entire corporeal structure so frail that a moderate norther would be very likely to lift them into the clouds, and carry them over the cypress swamps into the Gulf. The equipments of these gallant steeds were no less frail than themselves. Saddles tied together in a hundred places with hemp-strings, stirrups of rope with one leg six inches shorter than the other, bridles of twisted straw, and for bitts a crooked piece of alligator's spine. These were the animals our worthy overseer had provided for our evening's ride. Remember, we were about to visit plantations now in our possession, and which had been worked the first year by the government.

What kind of animals these old planters may have had before the war I am unable to say. I am simply telling you how these plantations are stocked now after soldiers from both armies have marched and countermarched along this line. In all these old parishes for 60 miles along the line of this railroad, I have not seen a decent horse or ox, or cow or sheep. The horses are, as I have described them, the mules more numerous, are but little better, the oxen and cows and sheep so far removed from their brother and sisters of Orange and Westchester County, that you can scarcely believe they belong to the same species.

Mounted on our gallant steeds we crossed the Bayou Black, named from the color of the stream, as black as midnight, rode through the village of Tigerville (why it should have been named Tigerville when alligators by thousands, from three to fifteen feet in length, sun themselves along the banks of the Bayous and not a tiger is to be seen, I am at a loss to know), and then struck upon the old road to Brashear City. There is but little to describe in riding through an old sugar or cotton field. All that you can see at this season of the year are fields of stubble of corn or cane stretching off as far as the eye can reach, sometimes, however, resting upon the tips of the trees of some cypress swamp.

The prairies of the West are something like them, but not so vast in extent. Here you can ride hundreds of miles, and still be below the level of the Mississippi and the bayous formed from it. On every side, around every plantation, beside every bayou, you see dikes built to protect the plantations from inundation. At this moment all the planters who still remain upon their estates, and the lessees of the government plantations are anticipating a great freshet when the ice shall break in the Upper Mississippi and Missouri. These floods, however, are after very long intervals, and in the course of fifty years benefit more than they injure. Exhausted plantations are enriched, and save the labor of many years to recuperate the soil.

Of course the plantations worked by the government give you but a poor idea of what they were before the war, or what they could be made by the private enterprise of intelligent farmers. The sugar mills are all in bad order, and many of them are not worth repairing. Persons who come down here to lease, unless they are provided with an abundance of money, are woefully disappointed, and return much wiser than they came. I advise all persons of an enterprising spirit to keep away from Louisiana until the government has decided upon a fixed policy with regard to these plantations. If they are to be confiscated and sold and a title in fee given, then all who desire to take up their abode in the South had better come, not this year, for it is too late for a crop, but as early next as possible.

To manage any of the plantations successfully, it will require an expenditure the first year of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, and that upon simply one year's lease, with the difficulty in obtaining labor, and the risk of having your crop entirely swept off by some big freshet, is not very encouraging to a small capitalist, to say the least.

After spending the night in an old, deserted mansion, and two days in jogging over several plantations, we turned our steps in the direction of Tigerville, bid farewell to our Mexican ponies, who proved to be much better than they looked, jumped into the cars, and in a few hours were in the comfortable quarters of the St. Charles. N. P.

## A KINGDOM BY THE FIRESIDE.

I AM a king in my own domain,
  And my little wife is queen;
And jointly over our realms we reign—
  A royal couple I ween.

Beauty and grace are the robes that flow
  From her lily shoulders down;
The gems of truth on her bosom glow,
  And love is her golden crown.

Her dainty hands are brown with toil,
  Her cheeks with the breezes' kiss,
And she works for a tiller of the soil,
  As if work for him was bliss.

I am the king and the tiller, too—
  My farm is my proud domain;
And the will to dare, and the strength to do,
  Are the scepters of my reign.

At my touch the teeming earth yield up
  Her wealth for my feast and store;
[illegible] nectar of health brims high my cup,
  [illegible] measure of bliss runs o'er.

[illegible]er was a happier realm I ween,
  Than ours 'neath the arching sky;
And [illegible] a happier king and queen
  Than [illegible] little wife and I.

As the primeval rock lies at the bottom of the sea and appears at the top of the loftiest mountains, so in a finished character Religion underlies all and crowns all.—*Theodore Parker.*

## *WELCOME GEORGE THOMPSON*

T[illegible] distinguished friend of the loyal cause wi[illegible] greeted, as he [illegible] shores, with a cordia[illegible] and universal gratitude. [illegible] a cordia[illegible] ception as a just compensation for the indign[illegible] which were heaped upon him on a former v[illegible] as a fair return for his labors in our behal[illegible] home Mr. Thompson is everywhere known as a f[illegible] of freedom and champion of the North. Early [illegible] rebellion he saw the principles at issue; and wh[illegible] Mr. Gladstone was prophesying success to the S[illegible] and Earl Russell could see "in this miserable w[illegible] only a contest for power on the one side and do[illegible] ion on the other, he lifted up his voice against [illegible] slaveholder's conspiracy. Night after night in [illegible] ent parts of England have his eloquent words sounded, as he addressed crowds in advocacy [illegible] principles of the North. It is said that we owe [illegible] to his influence in changing public sentiment [illegible] Britain than to any other public man. [illegible] friend in the hour of our sorest need. As [illegible] for a second time visits our shores, everyone [illegible] loves freedom and his country, should unite [illegible] him a cordial greeting. Therefore we join in t[illegible] of "*Welcome to George Thompson.*"

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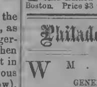

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